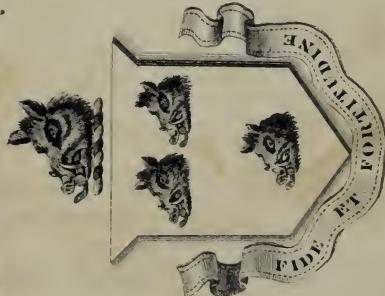






Augustus P. Westmacott.

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HIDE PARKE A COMEDIE,

As it was presented by her Ma-
jesties Servants, at the private
house in Drury
Lane.

Written by James Shirly.



LONDON,
Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Andrew Crooke,
and William Cooke.

1637.

НДЕ ПАНИЕ

149.399

May 1873
printed by the
State Publishing House
of the Russian
Soviet Republic



СВЯДОЛ
Printed by the State Publishing House
of the Russian Soviet Republic
May 1873

TO THE RIGHT HONO- RABLE, HENRY EARLE OF HOL-

LAND, Knight of the most Noble
order of the Garter, one of his Majesties
most honourable Privie Councell, Chan-
cellor of the Universitie of

O VINEYD Cambridge, &c.

My Lord,

THis Comedy in the title, is a part of your Lordships
Command, which heretofore grac'd, and made happy
by your smile, when it was presented, after a long
silence, upon first opening of the Parke, is come a-
broad to kisse your Lordships hand. The Applause it
once receiv'd in the action, is not considerablie with
that honour, your Lordship may give it in your acceptance; that was
too large, and might with some narrow and Stoicall judgment
render it suspected: But this, depending upon your censure, (to me
above many Theaters) is able to impart a merit to the Poem, and pre-
scribe opinion. If your Lordship, retir'd from busynesse into a calme,
and at truce with those high affaires, wherein your Counsell and spi-
rit is fortunately active, vouchsafe to peruse these unworthy papers.
You not Onely give a life to the otherwise languishing numbers, but
quicken, and exalt the Genius of the Author, whose heark pointeth at
no greater ambition, than to be knowne

My Lord

To your Name and honour

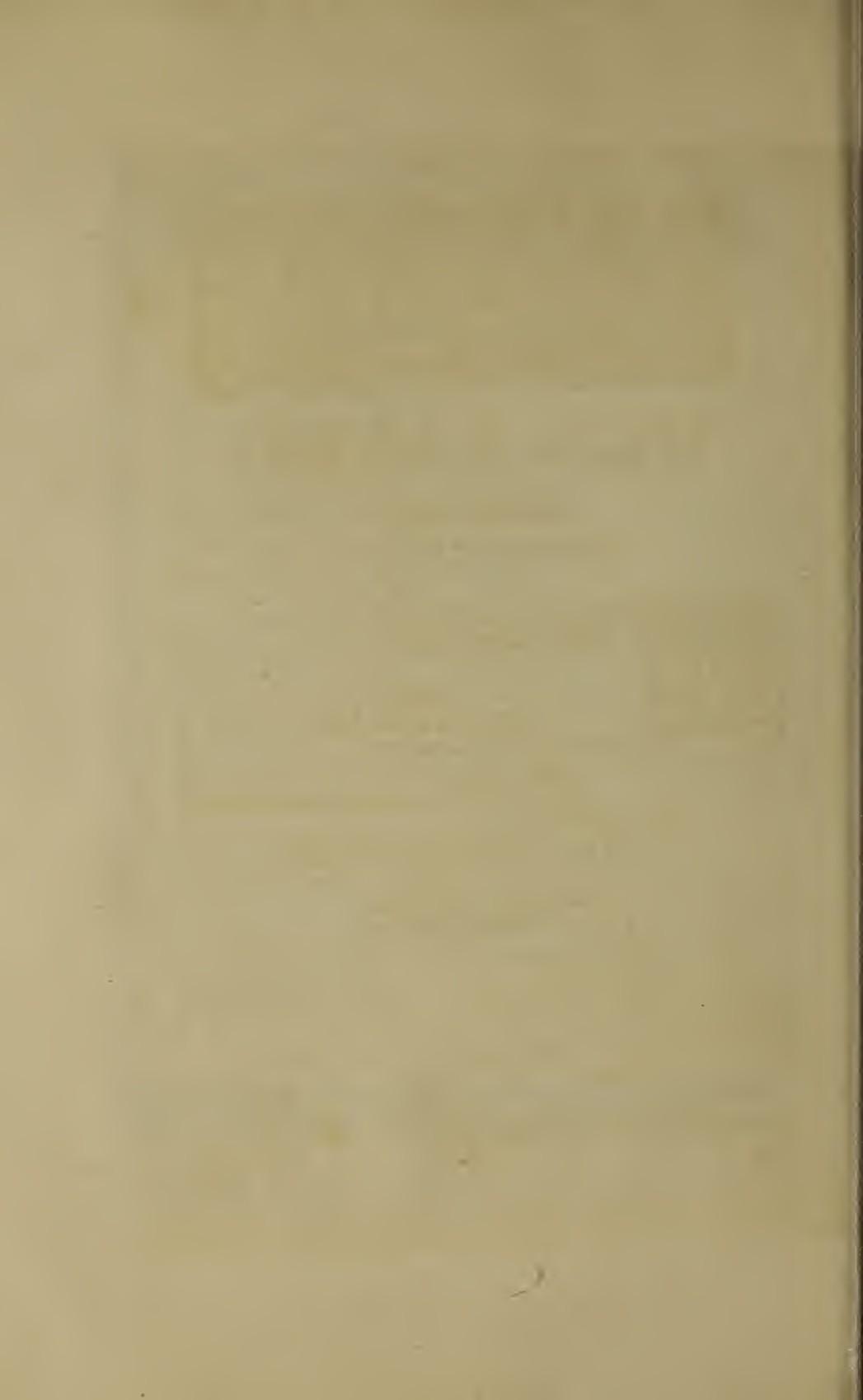
the most humbly devoted

A 2

JAMES SHIRLEY.

T
RABBLE HAWTHORN

Persons. *LADY* *Knight of the Rose*
The Lord Bonvile. *Mr. Fairefield*. *Amorous servants to*
Mr. Rider. *Mris Caroll.* *Mrs. Page*
Mr. Venture. *Mr. Lacy* *To Mris Bonavent.* 
Mr. Tryer *To Mris Julietta.*
Mr. Bonavent. *Lords Page.* *Jocky.*
Servants. *Runners.* *Mr. Caroll.*
Mr. Bonavent. *Mris Julietta sister to Fairefield.*
Waiting Woman. *Milke Maide. &c.*





HIDE PARKE.

The First Act.

Enter Tryer and Lacy.



Tryer, And how and how?

Lacy, The cause depends.

Tr. No Mistresse.

La. Yes, but no Wife.

Tr. For now sheis a Widdow.

La. But I resolve —

Tr. What does shee say to thee.

La. Shee sayes, I know not what shee sayes, but I must take another course, and yet she is —

Tr. A creature of much sweetenesse, if all tongues Be just in her report, and yet tis strange Having seven yeares expected, and so much Remonstrance of her Husbands losse at Sea, She should continue thus.

La. What if she should Renew the bond of her devotion For seven yeares more.

Tr. You will have time enough, To pay in your affection.

La. Ide make,
A voyage to Cassandra's Temple first,

B

And

Hide Parke.

And marry a deform'd Maide, yet I must
Confesse she gives me a faire respect.

Tr. Has she,
A hope her Husband may be living yet ?
I cannot tell; she may have a conceipt,
Some Dolphin has preserv'd him in the storme,
Or that he may be tenant to some Whale ;
Within whose belly he may practise lent,
And feed on fish, till hee be vomited
Upon some coast, or having scap'd the seas,
And billes of Exchange fayling, he might purpose
To foote it ore the Alpes in his returne,
And by mischance is fallen among the mise,
With whom perhappes he barrens upon sleepe,
Beneath the Snow.

Tr. This werē a Vagary.
La. I know not what to thinke, or is shē not
the worse for the coy Lady that lives with her.

Tr. Her Kinswoman?
La. Such a malicious peēce,
(I meane to love) tis pittie any placē
But a cold Nunnery should be troubled with her,
If all maides were but her disciples, wee
Should have no generation, and the world
For want of Children in few yeares undone by't :
Here's one can tell you more, is not that *Iarvis*,
The Widdowes servant.

Enter *Venture* and *Servant*.

Ven. Whether in such haft man ?

Ser. I am commanded Sir to fetch a Gentleman.

Ven. To thy Mistresse ? To give her a heate this morning.

Ser. I ha spied him ; with your pardon — *the servant goes*

Tr. Good morrow Maister *Venture*.

(to *Lacy*)

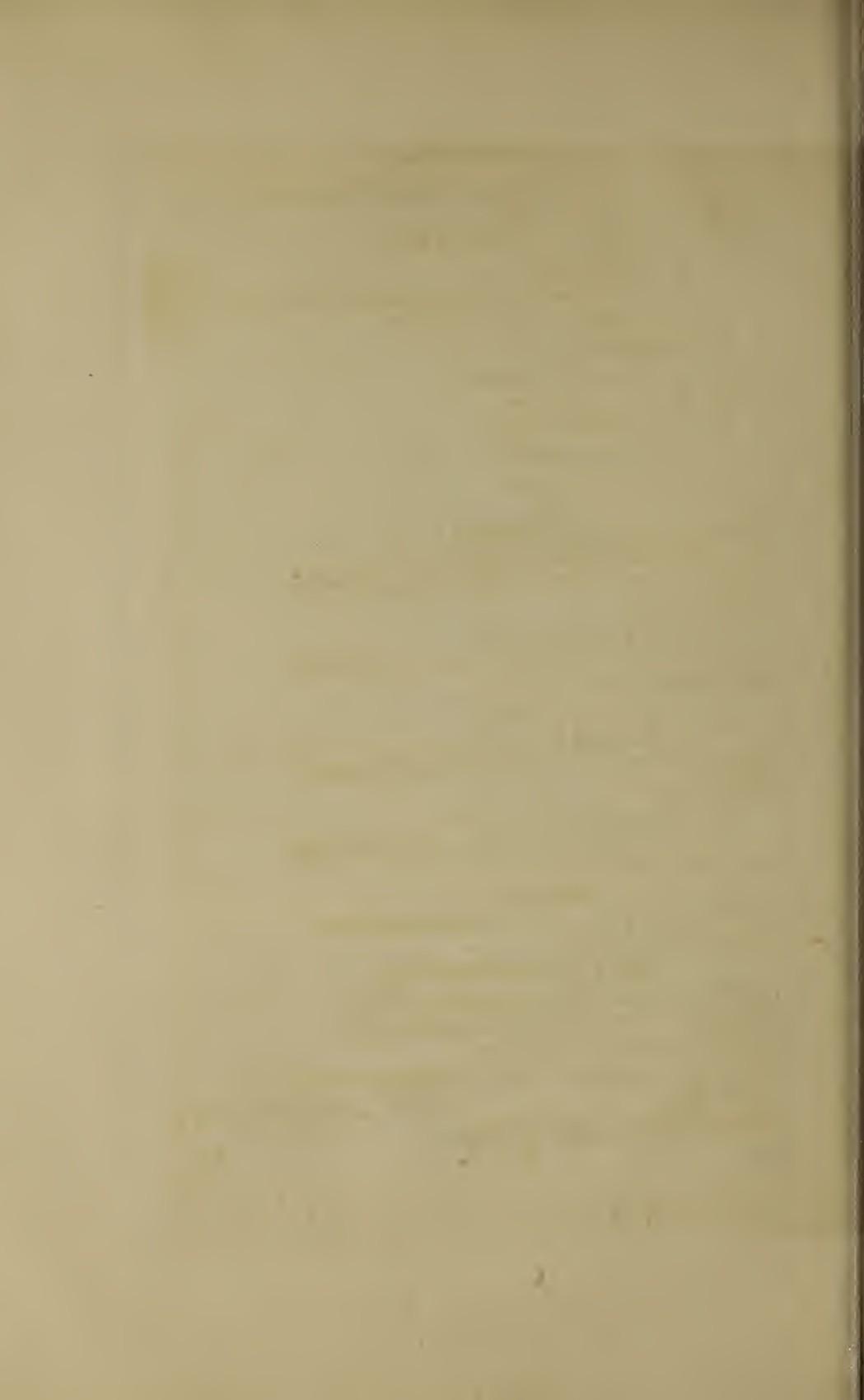
Ven. Franke Tryer.

Tr. You looke iocond and high,

Venus has bin propitious,

I dreamt last night thou wert a Bridegrome !

Ven.



Hide Parke.

Ven. Such a thing may be, the windē blowes now
From a more happie coast,

La. I must leave you, I am sent for,

Tr. To thy Mistresse ?

La. Without more ceremony, gentlemen my service - far-
(well.)

Ven. Ile tell thee, I have a Mistresse.

Exit.

Tr. I beleeve it

Ven. And yet I havē her not.

Tr. But you have hope.

Ven. Or rather certainty!

Tr. Why, I heare she is

A very Tyrant over men.

Ven. Worse, worse,

The needle of a Diall nevēr had
So many waverings, but she is touch'd,
And she Points onēly this way now, true North ;
I am her Pole.

Tr. And she your *Vrsa minor*,

Ven. I laugh to thinke how other of her Rivals
Will looke when I enioy her.

Tr. Yare not yet contracted?

Ven. No she chang'd
Some amorous tokens, do you see this Diamond ?
A toy she gave me.

Tr. Cause she saw you a Sparke.

Ven. Her flame of love is here, and in exchange
She tooke a chaine of Pearle.

Tr. Youle see it hang'd.

Ven. These to the wise are arguments of love,
And mutuall Promises.

Enter Lord Bonvile and Page.

Tr. Your Lordship's welcomē to Towne,
I am blest to see your honour in good health.

Lo. Pretheē visit my Lodgings.

Tr. I shall presume to tender my humble service !

Ven. What's he ?

Exit Lord and Page.

Tr. A sprigge of the Nobilitie,

B 2

That

Hiae Parke.

That has a spirit equall to his fortunes,
A gentleman that loves cleane Napery.

Ven. I guesse your meaning.

Tr. A Lady of pleasure, tis no shame for Men
Of his high birth to love a Wench; his honour
May priviledge more sinnes, next to a Woman
He loves a running horse, setting a side these recreations,
He has a Noble Nature, valiant, bountifull.

Ven. I was of his humour till I fell in love,
I meane for wenching, you may guesse a little,
By my legges, but Ile now be very honest,
And when I am married —

Tr. Then you are confident
To carry away your Mistresse from em all.

Ven. From *Joue* himselfe, though he should practise all
His shapes to court her, tis impossible
She should put any trick upon me, I
Have wonne her very soule.

Tr. Her body must
Needes be your owne then.

Ven. I have a brace of Rivals
Would they were here that I might Ieere em,
And see how opportunely one is come,

Enter Master Rider.

Ile make you a little sport.

Tr. I ha bin Melancholy,
You will, exprestie a favour in't.

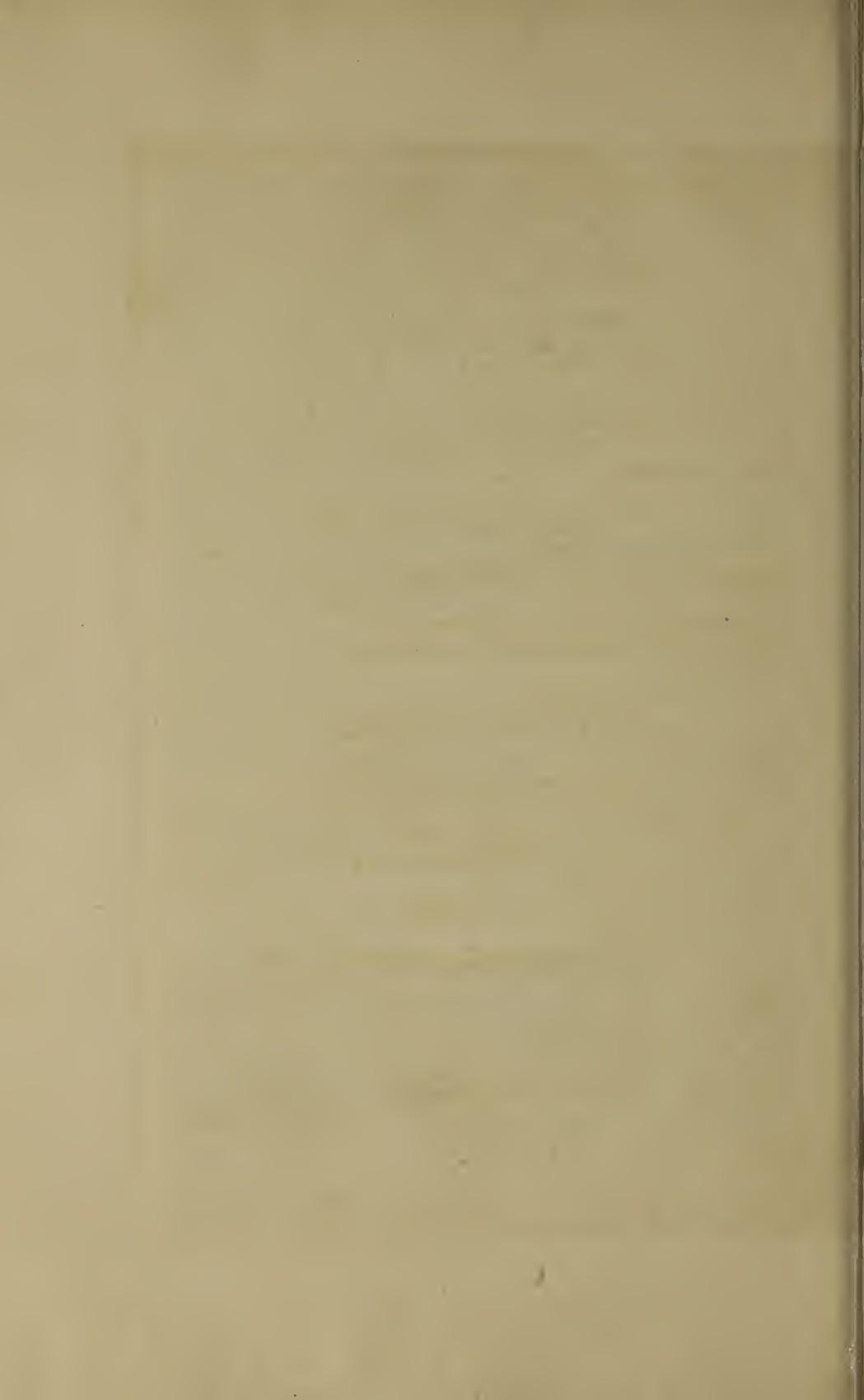
Rid. M. Venture, The first man in my wish,
What gentleman is that?

Ven. A Friend of mine.

Rid. I am his servant, looke yee, we are friends:
An't shall appeare, how ever things succeed
That I have lov'd you, and you cannot take
My Councell in ill part.

Ven. Whats the businesse?

Rid. For my party, I have



Hiae Parke.

V's d no enchantment, philter, no devices
That are unlawfull, to direct the streme
Of her affection, it flowes naturally.

Ven. How's this? prethee observe.

Tr. I do and shall laugh presently.

Rid. For your anger
I weare a sword, though I have no desire
It should be guilty of defacing any
Part of your body, yet upon a just
And noble provocation, wherein
My Mistresse love, and honour is engaged,
I dare draw blood.

Tr. Ha, ha, ha!

Ven. A Mistresse love and honour? this is pretty.

Rid. I know you cannot
But understand me, yet I say I love you,
And with a generous breast, and in the confidēce
You will take it kindly, I returne to that
I promis'd you, good councell, come leave off
The prosecution.

Ven. Of what I prethee?

Rid. Therē wilbe leſſe affront thēn to expect
Till the last minutē, and hehold the vīctory.
Anothers, you may guesse, why I declare this?
I am studious to preserve an honest friendſhippe,
For though it be my glory, to be adorn'd
With trophies of her vanquish't love.

Ven. Whose love?

Tr. This sounds as if he Ier'd you!

Ven. Mushroomē!

Tr. What dee mēane gentlemēn? friends and fall out
About good Councell.

Ven. Ilē put up a gaine
Now I thinkē better on't.

Tr. Tis done discreetly,
Cover the nakednesse of your toole I pray.

Hide Parke.

Ven. Why looke you Sir. If you bestow this Councell
Out of your love, I thanke you ; yet there is
No great necessitie, why you should be at
The cost of so much breath, thing's well considered.
A Ladies love is mortall, I know that,
And if a thousand men should love a woman
The dice must carry her, but one of all
Can weare the Garland.

Tr. Now you come to him.

Ven. For my owne part, I lov'd the Lady wel,
But you must pardon me, if I demonstrate
There's no such thing as you pretend, and therefore
In quittance of your loving, honest Councell,
I would not have you build an ayry Castle,
Her Starres have pointed her another way,
This instrument will take her height.

Shewes the Ring.

Rid. Ha.

Ven. And you may guesse what cause you have to triumph,
I would not tell you this, but that I love you,
And hope you will not runne your selfe into
The cure of Bedlam, hee that weares this favour
Hath fence to apprehend.

Rid. That Diamond.

Ven. Observe it perfectly, therē arē no trophies
Of vanquisht love, I take it, comming toward you,
It will be lesse affront, thēn to expect
Till the last minutes, and behold the victory
Anothers.

Rid. That Ring I gave her.

Tr. Ha, ha, ha !

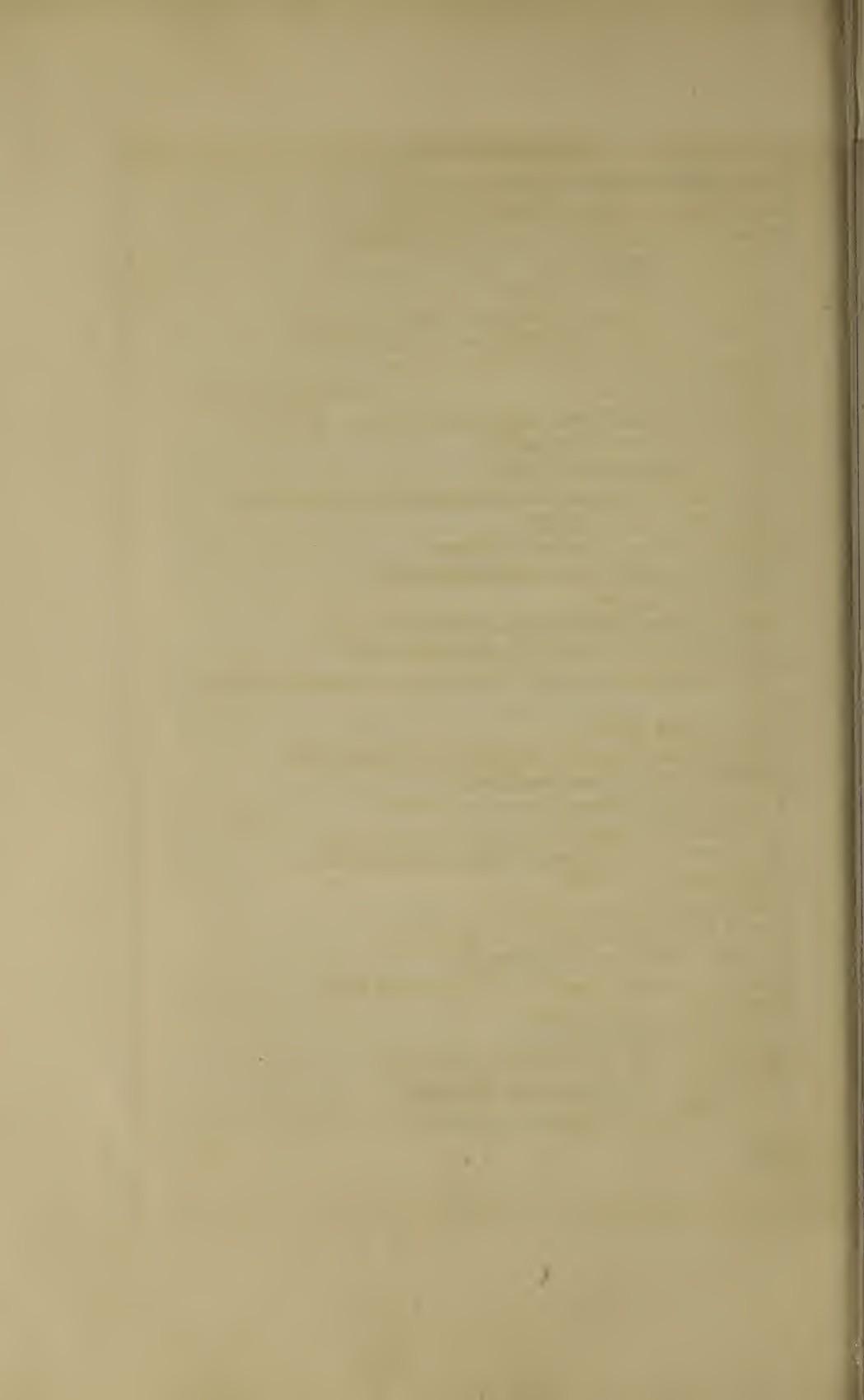
Ven. This was his gift to her, ha, ha, ha !
Have patience spleene, ha, ha !

Tr. The scene is chang'd !

Rid. She wonot use me thus, she did receive it
With all the circumstance of love.

Ven. I pitty him, my ēyes runne ore, dost heare,
I cannot choose but laugh, and yet I pitty thee.

She



Hide Parke.

She has a Leering wit, and I shall love her
More heartily for this. What dost thinke?
Poore Gentleman how he has foold himselfe.

Rid. Ile to her againe.

Ven. Nay, be not passionate!

A faith thou wert too confident, I knew
It could not hold, dost thinkē Ide say so much else?
I can tell thee morē, but lose her memorie.

Rid. Were it more rich *hee shewes a Chaine*
Then that which *Cleopatra gave to Anthony,* *of Pearle.*
With scorne I would returne it.

Tr. She give you this Chaine?

Rid. She shall be hang'd in chaines, ērē I will keēpe it.

Ven. Stay, stay, let my eye
Examine that —— this Chaine ——

Rid. Who would trust woman after this?

Ven. The very samē
She tooke of me, when I receiv'd this Diamond.

Rid. Ha ha! you doe but iest, she wonot foole
You o'this fashion, looke a little better, one may be like an
other.

Ven. Tis the samē.

Rid. Ha, ha, I would it were, that we might laugh
At one another, by this hand I will
Forgive her, prethee tell me---ha, ha, ha !

Tr. You will carry her
From *loue* himselfe, though he should practise all
His shapes to court her.

Rid. By this Pearle, o Rogue !
How I doe love her fort, be not dejected ;
A Ladies love is mortall, one of all
Must weare the Garland, do not foole your selfe.
Beyond the cure of Bedlam.

Tr. She has fittēd you
With a paire of fooles Coates, as hansomely
As any Taylor, that had taken measure,

Ven. Give me thy hand,

Tr.

Hide Parke.

Tr. Nay lay your heads together
How to revenge it, and so gentlemen I take my leave.

Ven. She has abusd us.

Rid. Let vs take his Councell,
Wee can be but what we are.

Ven. A paire of credyous fooles.

Rid. This other fellow Fairefeld has prevail'd:

Ven. Which if hee have —

Rid. What shall we do?

Ven. I thinke we were best let him alone.

Rid. Dee heare? Weele to her againe, youle
Be ruld by me, and tell her what wee thinke on her.

Ven. She may come to herselfe, and be ashamed on't.

Rid. If she would affect one of us, for my part
I am indifferent.

Ven. So say I too, but to give us both the canvas
Lets walke, and thinke how to behaue our selves.

Exeunt.

Enter Mistresse Bonavent, and Mistris Caroll.

Car. What dee meane to do with him?

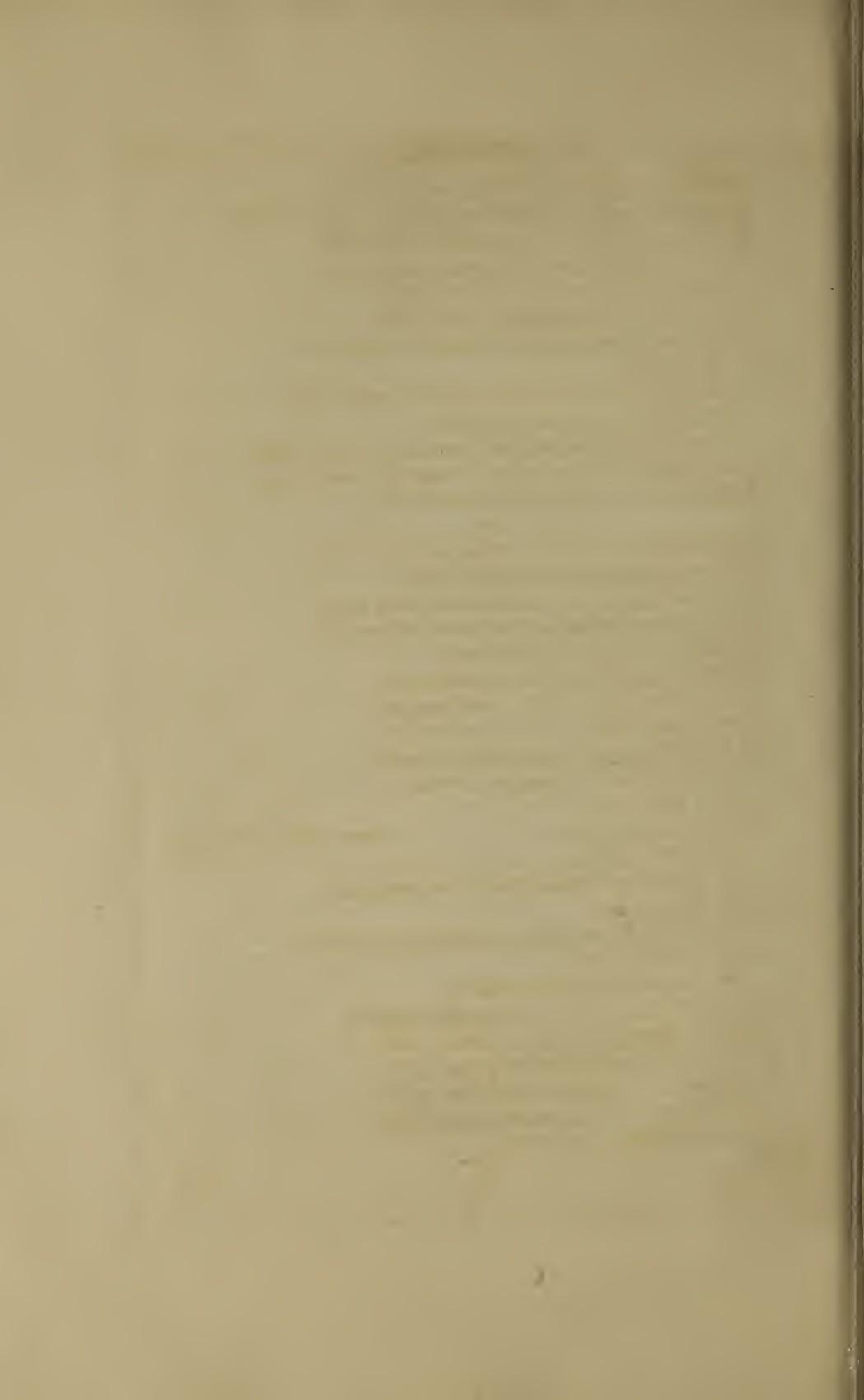
Bon. Thou art
To much a Tyrant, the seven yeares are past,
That did oblige me to expect my Husband.
Engag'd to Sea, and though within those limits
Frequent intelligēnce hath reported him
Lost, both to me, and his owne life, I have
Bin carefull of my vow; and were there hope
Yet to embrace him, I would thinkē another
Seven yeares no penance, but I should thus
Be held a cruell woman, in his certaine
Losse, to despise the love of all mankinde.
And therefore I resolve, upon so large
A triall of his Constaney, at last
To give him the reward of his respects;
To me and —

Ca. Marry him.

Bo. You have apprehended!

Ca. No marvaile if men rail upon you then,

And



Hide Parke.

And doubt whēther a Widdow may be sav'd,
We Maides are thought the worse on, for your easines,
How are poore women overseene ? We must
Cast a way our selves upon a whyning lover
In charity, I hope my Cousens Ghost
Will meete, as you go to Church, or if
You scape it then, upon the Wedding night--

Bo. Fy, Fy.

Ca. When you are both a bed and candles out.

Bo. Nay put not out the candles.

Ca. May they burne blew then, at his second kisse
And fright him from—well I could say something
But take your course---he's come already.

Enter *Lacy.*

Put him off, but another twelue moneth, so, so,
Oh love into what foolish labyrinthes
Dost thou leade us ! I woulde all women were
But of my minde, we would have a new world
Quickly, I will goe studie Poetry,
A purpose, to write verses in the praise
Of th' Amazonian Ladies, in whom only
Appeare true valour (for the inftruction
Of all posterity) to beate their husbands.

La. How you endeare your servant.

Ca. I will not

Be guilty of more stay.

Enter *Mr. Fairfeild.*

Fa. Sweete Lady.

Ca. Y'are come in timē Sir, to redeeme mē.

Fa. Why Lady.

Ca. You wilbe as comfortable as strong waterns,
There's a Gentleman.

Fa. So uncivill to affront you ?

Ca. I had no patience to heare him longer ;
Take his offence before you question him.

Fa. And be most happy if by any service
You teach me to deserve your faire opinion.

Ca. It is not civill to eavesdrop him, but
I'me surc he talkes on't now.

Hide Parke.

Fa. Of what ?

Ca. Of Love, is any thing more ridiculous ?

You know I never cherish that condition,
In you tis the most harsh unpleasing discord,
But I hope you will be instructed better
Knowing how much my fancy goes against it,
Talke not of that and welcome.

Fa. You retaine

I see your unkind temper, will no thought
Softne your heart, disdaine agrees but ill
With so much beauty ; if you would perswade,
Me not to love you, strive to be lesse faire ;
Vndoe that face, and so become a Rebell,
To heaven and Nature.

Ca. You doe love my face then !

Fa. As heavenly prologue to your minde, I doe not
Dote like *Pigmalion* on the colours !

Ca. No you cannot, his was a painted Mistris,
Or if it be the minde you so pretend
To affect, you encrease my wonder of your folly,
For I have told you that so often.

Fa. What ?

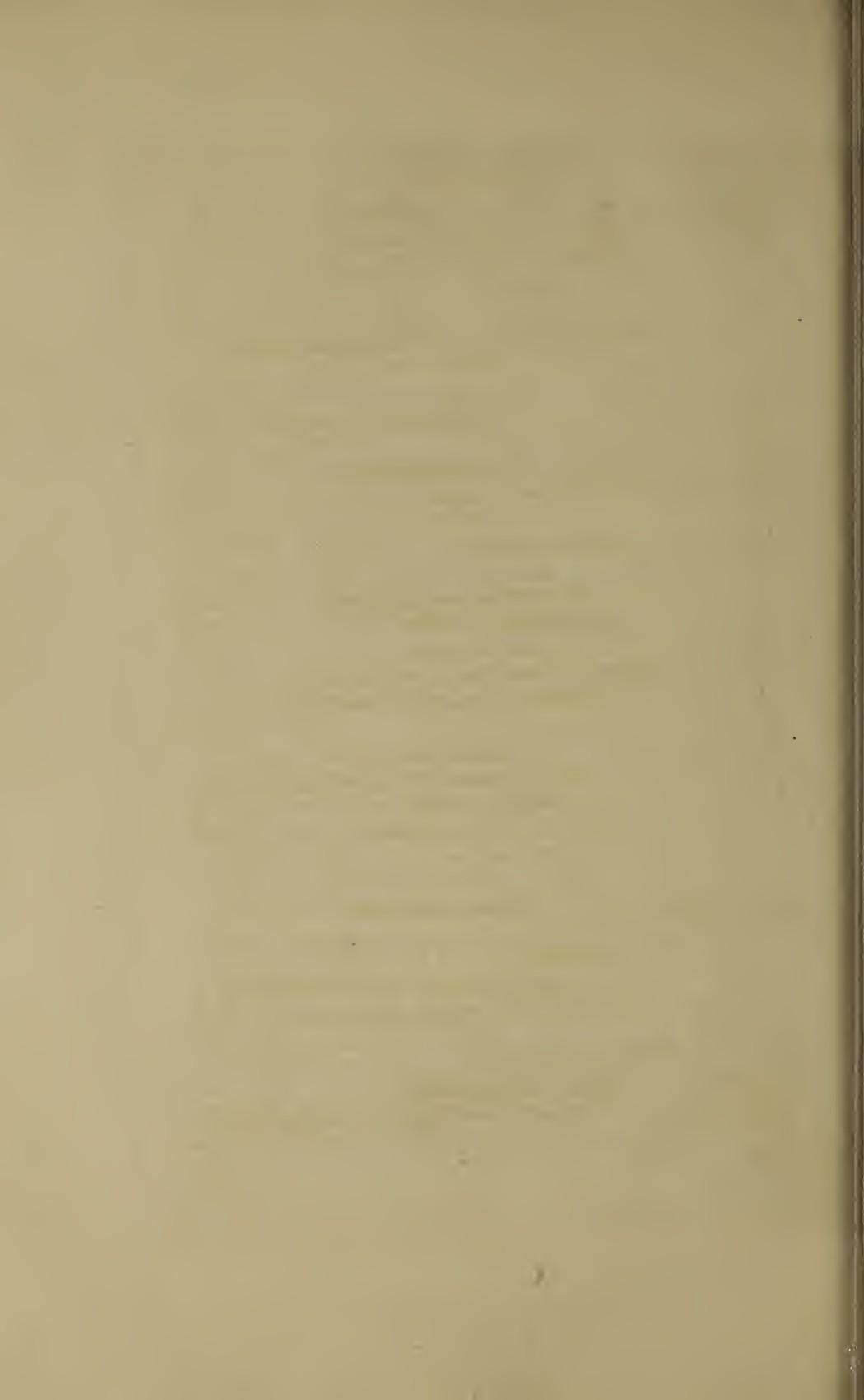
Ca. My minde so opposite to all your Courtship,
That I had rather heare the tedious tales
Of Hollinghead, then any thing that trenches
On Love, if you come fraught with any
Cupids devises, keepe em for his whirligiggs,
Or lande the next edition of his Messenger,
Or post with a mad packet, I shall but
Laugh at them, and pitty you.

La. That pitty —

Ca. Doe not mistake me, it shall be a very
Miserable pitty without love !

Were I a man, and had but halfe that hansom'nesse,
(For though I have not love, I hate detraction,) —
Ere I would put my invention to the sweat
Of Complement, to court my Mistris hand
And call her smile blessing beyond a Sunne beame,

Entreat



Hide Parke.

Entreatē to waitē upon her, give her Rings
With wanton, or most lamentable Poesies,
I would turne thrasher.

Fa. This is a new doctrine,
From women.

Ca. Twill concernē your peacē, to havē some faith in't.

Fa. You would not be neglected.

Ca. You neglect
Your selves, the Noblēnesse of your birth and nature
By servile flattery of this jiggng,
And that coy Mistresse, keepe your priviledge
Your Masculine property.

Fa. Is there
So great a happinesse in nature?

Ca. Theres one
just a your minde; can there be such happinesse
In nature, fyē upont if it were possible,
That ever I should be so mad to love,
To which I thanke my Starres I am not inclin'd,
I should not hold such servants worth my garters,
Though they would put me in security
To hang themselves, and ease me of their visits.

Fr. Y'are a strange gentlewoman! why, lookē you Lady?
I am not so enchanted with your vertues
But I do know my selfe, and at what distance
To looke upon such Mistresses,
I can be scurvely conditiond, you are —
Ca. As thou dost hope for any good, rayle now
But a little.

Fa. I could provoke you.

Ca. To laugh, but not to lyē downe, why I prethēe do!

Fa. Goe y'are a foolish creature, and not worth
My services.

Ca. A loud that they may hearē
The more the merrier, Ile tak't as kindly
As if thou hadst given me the Exchange, what all this cloud
Without a shower?

Hide Parke.

Fa. Y'are most ingratefull !

Ca. Good, abominable peevious, and a wench
That would be beaten, beaten blacke and blew.
And then perhaps she may have colour for't,
Come, come, you cannot scold with confidence
Nor with grace, you should looke bigge and sweare
You are no gamster, practise Dice
And Cardes a little better, you will get
Many confusions and fine curses by't.

Fa. Is not she mad ?

Ca. To shew I have my reason

Ile give you some good Councell ; and be plaine wo'yee
None that have eyes, will follow the direction
Of a blinde guide, and what dee thing of *Cupid*?
Women are either fooles, or very wise
Take that from me, the foolish women are
Not worth your love, and if a woman know
How to be wise, she wonot care for you.

Fa. Do you give all this Councell without a Fee ?
Come, be lessie wild ! I know you cannot be
So hard of soule.

Ca. Prethee let my body alone !

Fa. Why are you thus peremptory ? had
Your mother bin so cruell to mankinde,
This heresy to love, with you had bin unborne.

Ca. My mother was no maide.

Fa. How Lady?

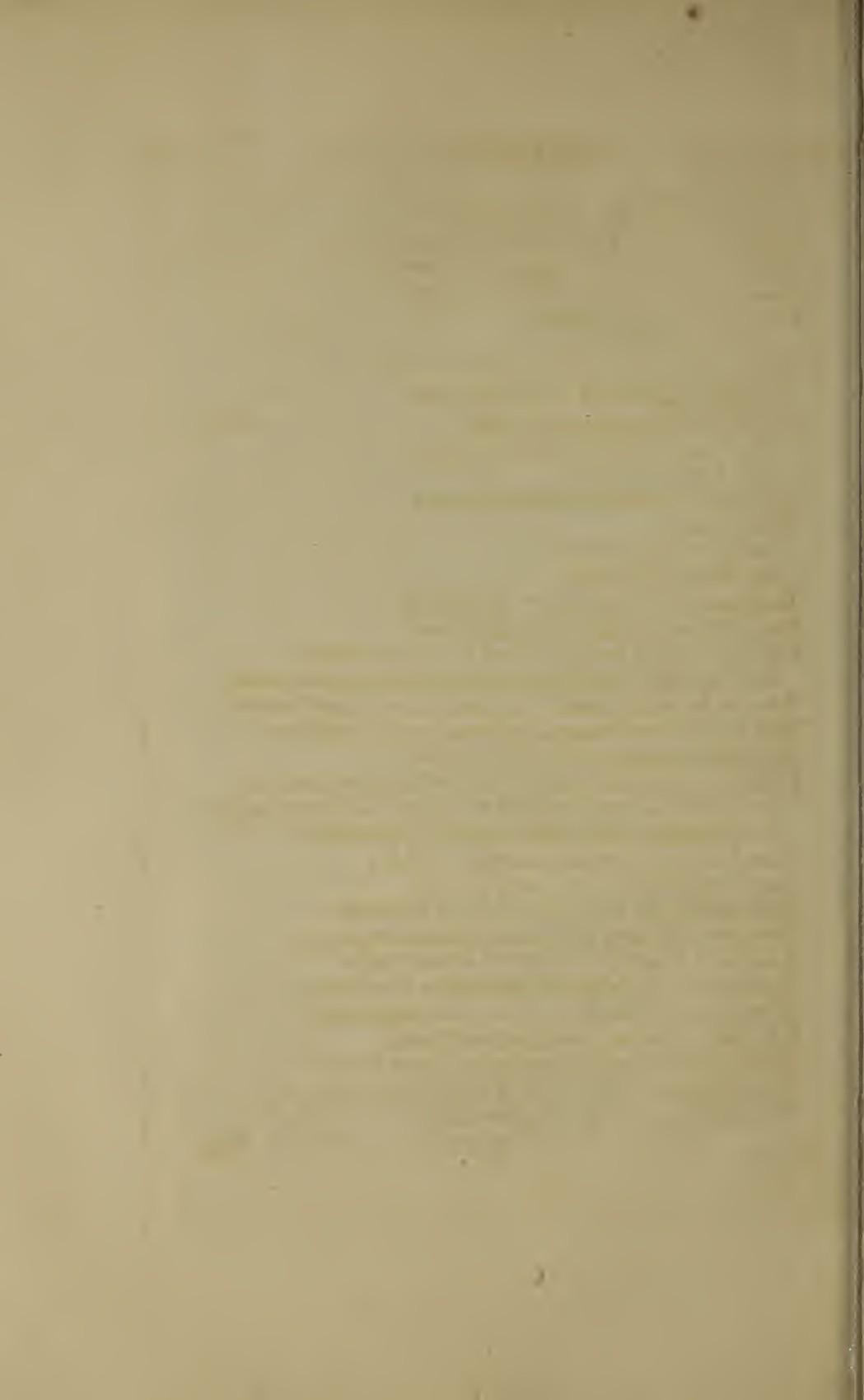
Ca. She was married long ere I was borne, I take it,
Which I shall never be, that rules infallible,
I would not have you foold it'h expectation,
A favour all my Sutors cannot boast of,
Goē home and say your praiers, I wonot looke
For thanks till seven yeare hence.

Fa. I know not what
To say, yes I will home and thinkē a Satyre,
Was ever man leer'd thus for his good will ?

Bon. The Licence wilbe soone dispatcht.

Exit.

Lac.



Hide Parke.

La. Leave that
To my care Lady, and let him presume,
Whom you intend to blesse with such a gift,
Seale on your lips the assurance of his heart,
I have more wings then Mercury, expect
Your servant in three minutes.

Ca. Take more time !
Youe over heate your selfe and catch a surfer.

La. My nimble Lady I ha busines, wee
Will have a Dialogue another time. *Exit.*

Ca. You do intend to marry him then.

Bon. I have promised
To be his wife, and for his more security.
This morning.

Ca. How ? this morning ?

Bon. What should one
That has resolv'd lose time ? I do not love
Much ceremony, suits in love, should not
Like suits in Law, be rack'd from tearme to tearme.

Ca. You will joyne issue presently, without your councell,
You may be ore throwne ; take heed, I haue knowne wives
That have bin ore throwne in their owne case, and after
Non suited too, tharts twice to be undone,
But take your course, some Widdowes have bin mortifyed.

Bon. And Maides do now and then meete with their match.

Ca. What is in your Condition makes you weary ?
Y're sickle of plenty and command, you have
Too too much liberty, too many servants,
Your Ieweles are your owne, and you would see
How they will shew upon your husbands wagtayle,
You have a Coach now, and a Christian Livery
To waite on you to Church, and are not Catechise'd
When you come home, you have a waitingwoman,
A Monkey, Squirrell, and a brase of Islands
Which may be thought superfluous in your family
When husbands come to rule. A pretty Wardrobe
A Tayler of your owne, a Doctor too. That

Hide Parke.

That knowes your body, and can make you sick.
It'h spring, or fall, or when you have a minde to't
Without controule, you have the benefite
Of talking loud and idle at your table
May sing a wanton ditty, and not be chidde;
Dance and goe late to bed, say your owne prayers,
Or goe to Heaven by your Chaplaine.

Bo. Very fine.

Ca. And will you lose all this? For I Sisley, take thee John,
To be my Husband; keepe him still to be your servant,
Imitate me, a hundred suiters cannot
Be halfe the trouble of one husband. I
Dispose my frownes, and favour's like a Princesse
Deject, advance, undo, create againe
It keepes the Subjects in obedience,
And teaches em to looke at me with distance. *Enter Venture*

Bo. But you encourage some. *and Rider,*

Ca. Tis when I ha nothing else to do for sport,
As for example.

Bo. But I am not now in tune to heare em, prethee
Lets withdraw. *Enter.*

Ven. Nay, nay, Lady we must follow yee.

The second Act.

Bonavent. listening.

M. Bon. Musicke and revelles, they are very merry.

Enter a Servant.

By your favour Sir.

Ser. Y'are welcome.

Bon. Pray is this a dancing Schoole.

Ser. No dancing Schoole.

Bo. And yet some voyces sound like women.

Ser. Wilt please you.

To taste a cup of Wine, tis this day free

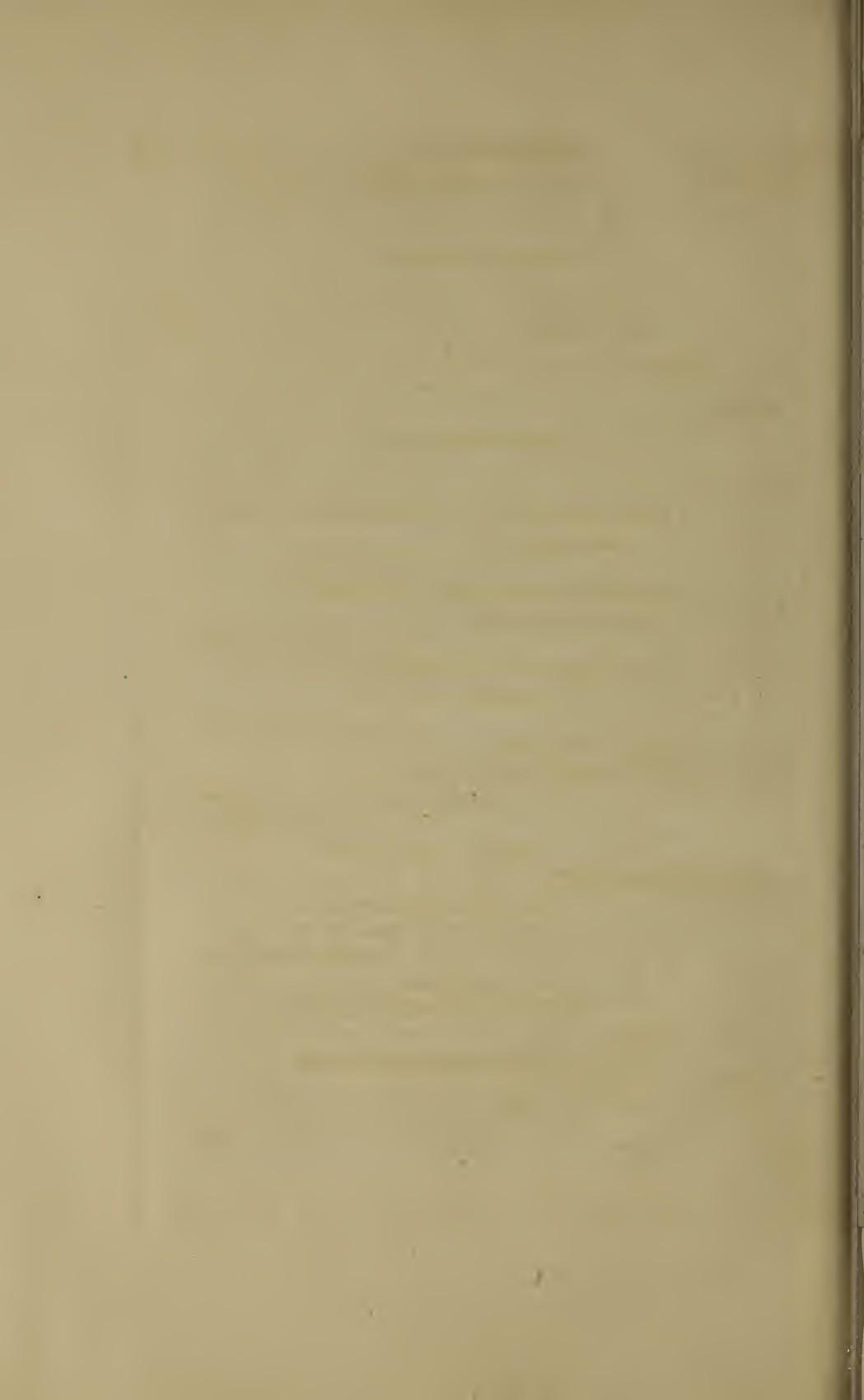
As at a Coronation; you seeme

A Gentleman.

Bo. Prethee who dwels here?

Ser. The house this morning was a widdowes Sir!

But



Hide Parke.

But now her husbands, without circumstance
She is married.

Bo. Prethee her name.

Ser. Her name was Mistresse Bonavent.

Bo. How long since her husband dyed.

Ser. Tis two yeares since she had intelligence

He was cast away, at his departure he

Engag'd her to a seven yeares expectation

Which full expir'd this morning she became

A Bride.

Bo. What's the gentleman she has married

Ser. A man of pretty fortune, that has bin

Her servant many yeares.

Bo. How dee meane wantonly, or does he serve for wages.

Ser. Neyther, I meane a Suitor.

Bo. Cry' mercy, may I be acquainted with his name.

Ser. And his person too, if you have a minde too't.

Maister Lacy, Ile bring you to him.

Bo. Mr. Lacy, may be tis he, would thou couldst helpe me to

A sight of this gentleman, I ha businesse with

One of his name, and cannot meete with him.

Ser. Please you walke in.

Bo. I would not bee intruder.

In such a day, if I might onely see him.

Ser. Follow me and Ile do you that favour.

Exeunt.

Enter Lacy, and his Bride, Rider, and Carell,

Venture, dancing: Bon, a loose.

Ven. Whose that peepes?

La. Peepes I whose that? faith you shall dance!

M. B. Good Sir you must excuse me, I am a stranger.

La. Your tongue does walke our language, and your feête.

Shall do as we do, take away his Cloake

And Sword, by this hand you shall dance Monsieur.

No pardonne moye!

Ca. Well said Maister Bridegrome, the gentleman

May perhapses want exercise.

Bo. He will not take it well,

Ven.

Hide Parke.

Ven. The Bridegrom's merry !

La. Take me no takes, come choose your firke

For dance you shall.

M. B. I cannot, youle not compell me.

La. I ha sworne.

M. B. Tis an affront as I am a Gentleman,
I know not how to foote your Chamber jigges.

La. No remedy, heres a Lady longes for one vagarie
Fill a boule of Sack, and then to the Canaries.

M. B. You are circled with your friends, and do not well
To use this priviledge to a Gentleman's
Dishonour.

La. You shall shake your heeles.

M. B. I shall, Ladies tis this gentlemans desire
That I should make you mirth, I cannot dance
I tell you that afore.

Bo. He seemes to be a Gentleman and a Souldier.

Ca. Good Mars be not so sullen, youle do more
With Venus privately.

M. B. Because this Gentleman is engag'd Ile try.

Dance.

Will you excuse me yet.

La. Play excuse me, yes any thing you'l call for.

Ca. This motion every morning will be wholsome
And beneficall to your body Sir.

M. B. So, so.

Ca. Your pretty lump requires it.

M. B. Wheres my sword, sir I have bin your hobby horse.

Ca. You danc't something like one.

M. B. Jeere on my whimsy Lady.

Bo. Pray impute it

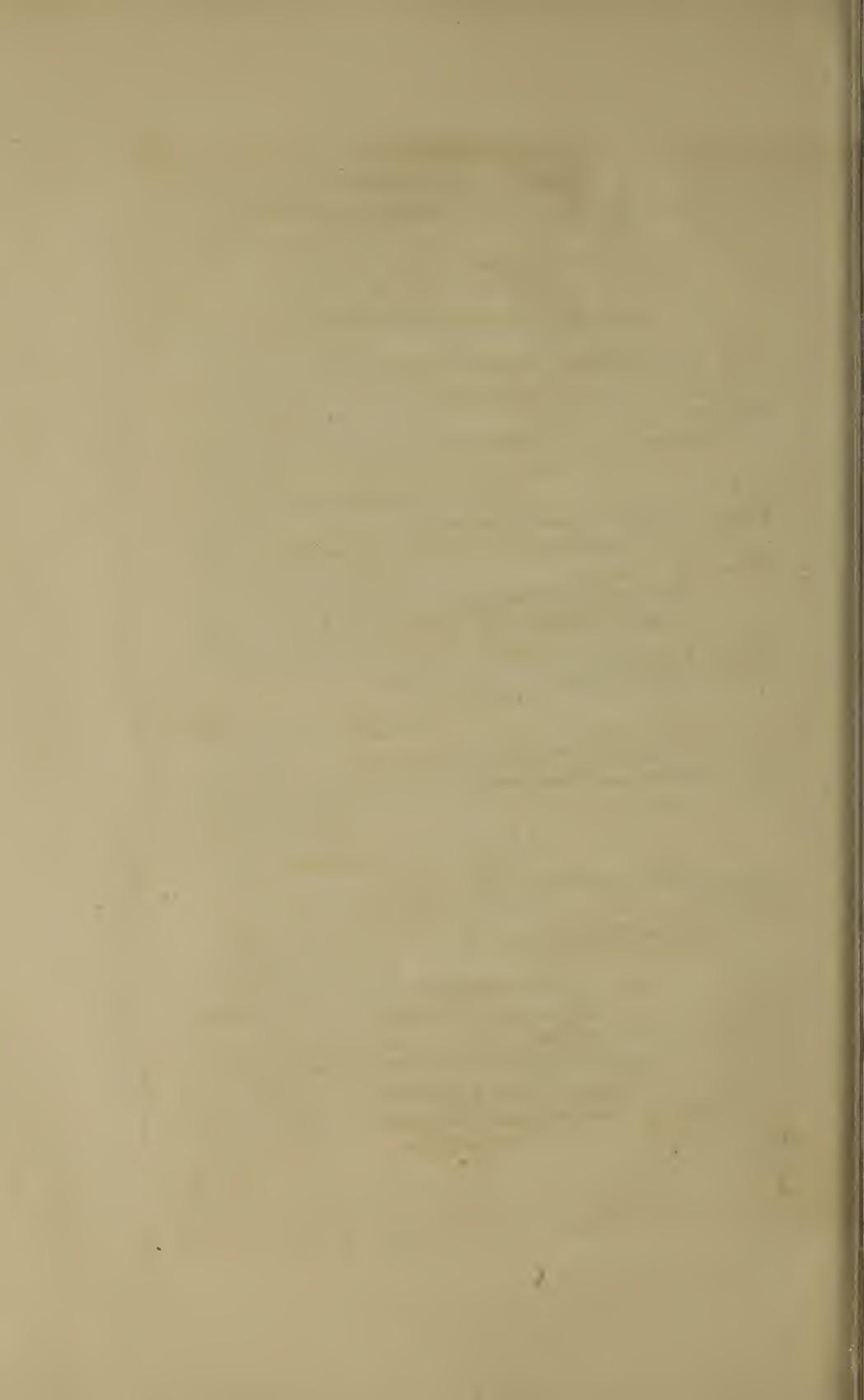
No trespass studdied to affront you Sir,
But to the merry passion of a Bridegrome.

La. Prethee stay, weeke to *Hide Parke* together !

M. B. There you meet with Morrisdancers, for
You Lady I wish you more joy, so farewell.

La. Comes, ha tother wherle, lustily boyes !

They



Hiae Parke.

They Dance in. Exit.

Enter Maister Fairefeild and his Sister Iulieta.

In. You are resolv'd then.

Fa. I have no other care left,
And if I doo't not quickely my affection
May be too farre spent, and all physicke will
Be cast away.

In. You will shew a Manly fortitude!

Fa. When saw you Maister Tryer?

In. Not since yesterday!

Fa. Are not his visits frequent?

In. He does see me sometimes.

Fa. Come! I know thou lov'st him, and he will
Deserve it, hee's a pretty gentleman.

In. It was your Character, that first commended
Him to my thoughts!

Fa. If he be slow to answere it

Hee loses me againe, his minde more then
His fortune gain'd me to his praise, but I
Trifle my pretious time.

Enter Tryer.

Farewell! al my good wishes stay with thee.

Exit.

In. And mine attend you! Maister Tryer.

Tr. I come to kisse your hand.

In. And take your leave.

Tr. Only to kis't againe!

In. You begin to be a stranger! in two mornings
Not one visit, where you professe affection.

Tr. I should be surfetted with happiness
If I should dwell here.

In. Surfets in the Spring

Are dangerous, and yet I never heard,
A lover would absent him from his Mistris.
Through feare to be more happy, but I allow
That for a Complement, and dispute not with you
A reason of your actions! y'are now welcome
And though you should be guilty of neglect,
My love would over-come any suspition.

D

Enter

Hide Parke.

Enter Servant and Page.

Tr. You are all goodness
With me prethee admit him !

Pa. Sir, my Lord saw you enter, and desires
To speake with you !

Tr. His Lordship shall command, where is he ?

Pa. Below Sir !

Tr. Say, I instantly waite on him ?
Shall I presume upon your favour Lady ?

In. In what !

Tr. That I may entreat him hither, you will honour me
To bid him welcome, he is a gentleman.
To whom I owe all services, and in himselfe
himselfe is worthy of your entertainment.

In. If he be yours command me !

Tr. My Lord ! excuse

Lo. Nay I prevent your trouble — *Lady I am*
Your humble servant, pardon my intrusion
I have busynesse, only I saw you enter;

Tr. Your Lordship honours me.

Lo. What gentlewoman's this ?

Tr. Wy —

Lo. A Lady of pleasure, I like her eye, it has
A pretty twirle, wot-will she bid one welcome.

Tr. Be confident my Lord, sweete Lady pray
Assure his Lordship he is welcome,

In. I want words.

Lo. Oh sweete Lady your lip in silence
Speakes the best language.

In. Your Lordship's welcome to this humble roose !

Lo. I am confirm'd.

Tr. If your knew Lady, what
Perfection of honour dwells in him,
You would be studious with all ceremony
To enter taine him ! beside, to me
His Lordship's goodnes hath so flow'd, you cannot
study, what will oblige more then in his welcome !

Lo. Come, you Complement !

In.

Hide Parke.

In. Though I want both ability and language,
My wishes shall be zealous to express me
Your humble servant :

Lo. Come, that humble was
But complement in you too.

In. I wood not
Be guilty of dissembling with your Lordship,
I know words have more proportion
With my distance to your birth and fortune,
Then humble servant.

Lo. I doe not love these distances.

Tr. You would have her be more humble, this will try her,
If shee resist his siege, she is a brave one,
I know hee'lle put her too't, he that doth love
Wisely, will see the triall of his Mistris,
And what I want in impudence my selfe,
Another may supply for my advantage,
Ile frame excuse!

Lo. Franke thou art melancholy !

Tr. My Lord I now reflected on a businesse,
Concernes me equall with my fortune, and
It is the more unhappy that I must,
So rudely take my leave.

Lo. What ? not so soone.

Tr. Your honours pardon.

In. Are you sir in earnest !

Tr. Love will instruct you to interpret fairely,
They are affaires that cannot be dispenced with,
I leave this noble gentleman.

In. Hee's a stranger,
You wonot use me well, and shew no care
Of me, nor of my honour, I pray stay !

Tr. Thou hast vertue to secure all, I am confident,
Temptations will shake thy innocence,
No more then waves, that clime a Rocke, which soone
Betray their weakenesse, and discover thee,
More cleare and more impregnable
How is this?

Hide Parke.

Tr. Farewell, I will not sin against your honours clemency
To doubt your pardon.

Lo. Well and there be no remedy I shall see you
Anon ith Parke, the Match holds, I am not willing
To leave you alone Lady.

In. I have a servant.

Lo. You have many, in their number pray write me,
I shall be very dutifull.

In. Oh my Lord!

Lo. And when I have done a fault I shall be instructed,
But with a smile to mend it.

In. Done what fault?

Lo. Faith none at all, if you but thinke so.

In. I thinke your Lordship would not willingly
Offend a woman.

Lo. I would never hurt em,
Thas bin my study stll to please those women,
That fell within my conversation.
I am very tender hearted to a Lady,
I can denie em nothing.

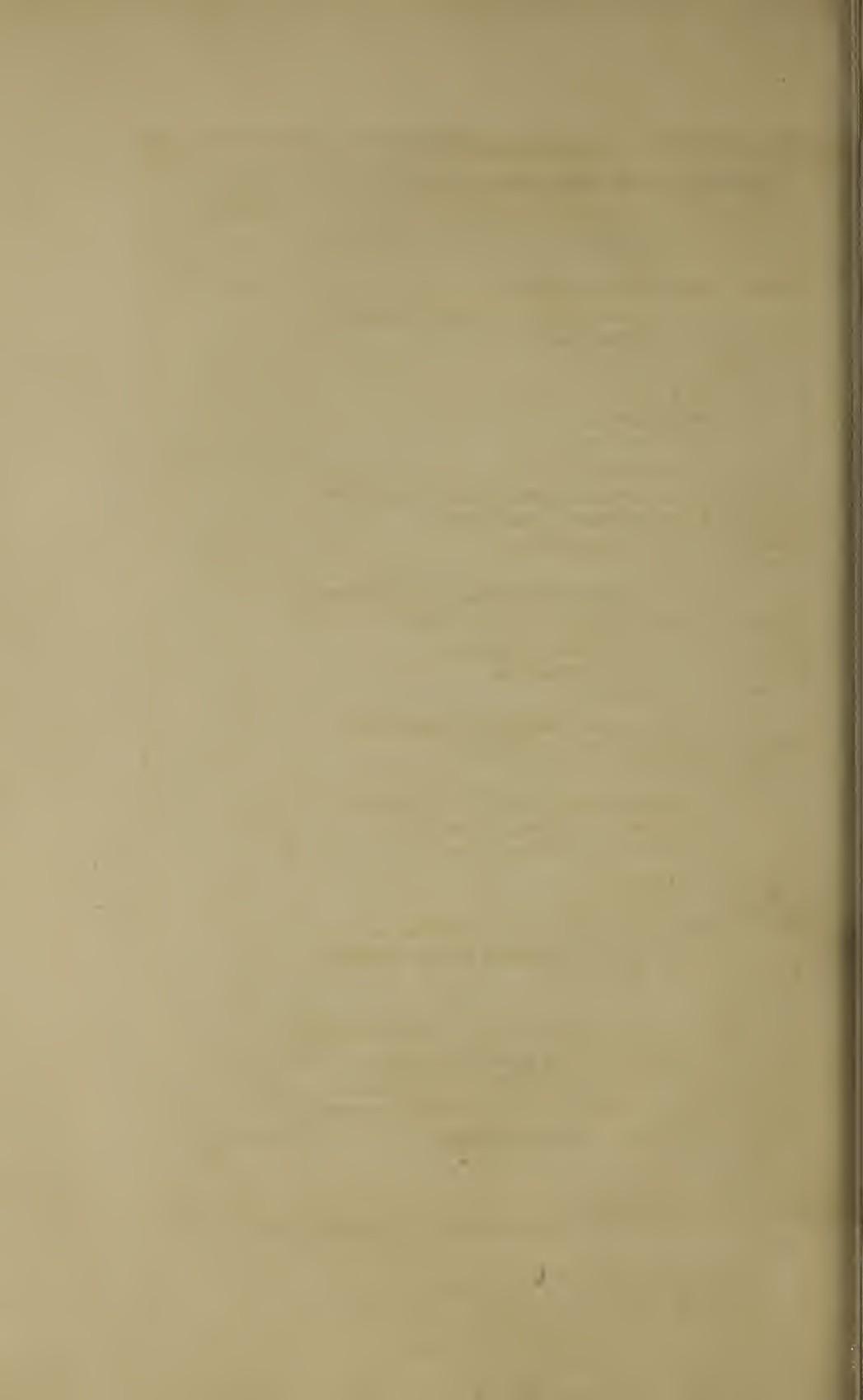
In. The whole sex is bound to you.

Lo. If they well considered things,
And what a stickler I am in their cause,
The common cause, but most especially
How zealous I am in a Virgins honour,
As all true Knights should be, no woman could
Deny me hospitality, and let downe,
When I desire accesoſe, the rude Portcullice,
I have a naturall sympathy with faire ones,
As they do, I do ! theres no hansom woman
Complaines, that she has lost her maidenhed,
But I wish mine had bin lost with it.

In. Your Lordship's merry !

Lo. Tis because you looke pleasant,
A very hansom Lodging, is there any
Accomodations that way.

In. Ther's a garden,
Wilt please your Lordship tast the ayre on't.



Hide Parke.

Lo. I meant other conveniency, but if
You please Ile waite upon you thither.

Exeunt.

Ta. You and I had better stay, and in their absence
Exercise one another.

Wait. How meane you Page.

Pa. Ile teach you away that we may follow em,
And not remove from hence.

Wa. How prethee?

Pa. Shall I begge your lip?

W. I cannot spare it.

Pa. Ile give you both mine.

W. What meanes the Child?

Pa. Because I have no upper lip, dee scorne me?
I ha kist Ladies before now, and have

Beene sent for to their Chambers.

W. You, sent for!

Pa. Yes, and beene trusted with their Clossets too!

We are such pretty things, we can play at

All hid under a Fardingale; how long

Have you bin a waiting creature?

W. Not a moneth yet.

Pa. Nay then I cannot blamē your ignorance,

You have perhappes your maidenhead.

W. I hope so.

Pa. Oh lamentable! away with it for shame,

Chaffer it with the Coachman, for the credit

Of your profession, do not keepe it long,

Tis fineable in Court.

W. Good Maister Page,

How long have you bin skild in those affaires?

Pa. Ere since I was in Breeches, and youle finde

Your honesty so troublesome.

W. How so.

Pa. When you have truck'd away your Maidenhead,

You have excuse lawfull, to put off gamesters,

For you may sweare, and give em satisfaction,

You have not what they lookt for, beside the benefis

Of being impudent as occasion serves,

Hide Parkes.

A thing much in request, with waiting creatures,
We Pages can instruct you in that quality,
So you be tractable.

W. The boy is wild.

Pa. And you will leade me a Chase, ile follow you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Carroll, Rider, and Venture.

Ca. Why, did you ever thinke, I could affect
Of all men living such a thing as you are.
What hope, or what encouragement did I give you
Because I tooke your Diamond, must you presently
Bound like a ston'd horse.

Rid. Shee's a very Colt !

Ca. Cause you can put your hat of like a dancer,
And make a better legge, then you were borne to,
For to say truth your calfe is well amended,
Must this so overtake me, that I must
Strait fall in love w'e yee, one step to Church,
Another into the Sheets, more to a bargaine
Y'are wide a bow, and some thing over shot.

Ven. Then this is all that I must trust to, you
Will never ha me ?

Ca. In my right minde, I thinkē so
Why, prethee tell me what I should do with thee ?

Ven. Can you finde nothing to do with me !

Ca. To finde any Monkey Spiders, were an office
Perhappes you would not execute !

Ven. Y'are a gipsy !
And none of the twelue *Sibills* in-a Tarverne,
Have such a tand complexion, there be Dogges
And Horses in the world.

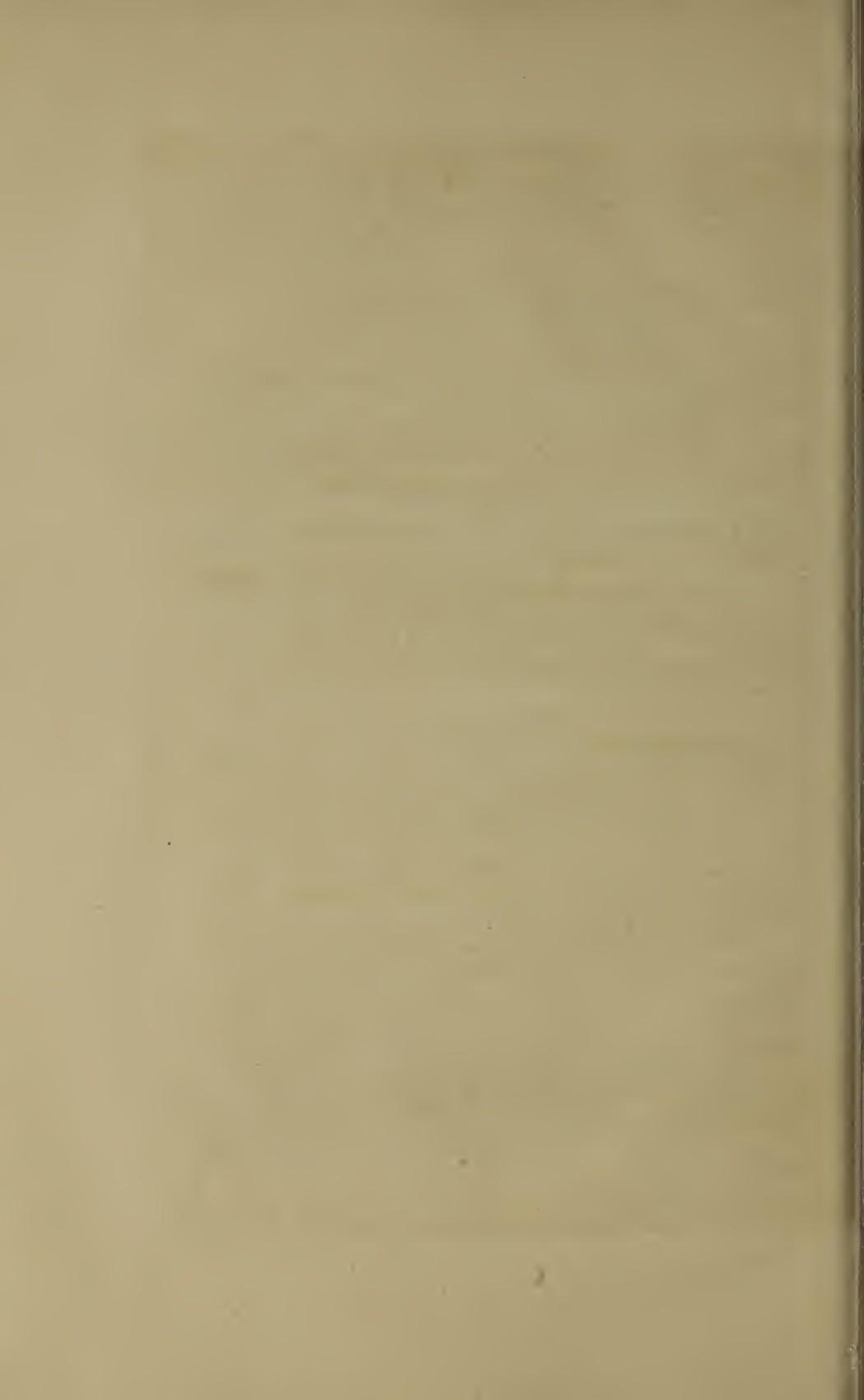
Ca. They'le kepe you company !

Ven. Tell me of Spiders ?

Ile wring your Monkeys necke off.

Ca. And then puzzle
Your braine to make an Elegie, which shalbe sung
To the tune of the devill and the baker, good !
You have a pretty ambling wit in Summer,
Dee let out, or keepe for your owne

Riding,



Riding, who holdes your stirrop, while you jump
Into a jest, to the endangering
Of your ingenious quodlibets.

Rid. Come thaſt ſaid enough.

Ca. To him, you would have ſome.

Rid. Some testimony of your love, if it please you.

Ca. Indeed I have heard you are a pretious gentleman,
And in your younger could play at trap well.

Rid. Fare you well gentlewoman, by this light a devill,
Ile follow my old game of horse-rasing.

Ven. I could teare her Ruffe ! I wo'd thou wort
A Whore then ide be reveng'd, and bring the Prentices
To arraigne thee on Shrovetuesday, a pox upon you.

Enter Fairefeld.

Ca. A third man, a third man, two faire gameſters.

Rid. For shame letſ goe !

Ca. Will you stay gentleman; you ha no more wit, Exit.
To venter, keepe your heads warme in any caſe,
There may be dregges in the bottome othe braine pan,
Which may turne to ſomewhat in ſeven yeares, and ſet
You up againe, now Sir.

Fa. Lady I am come to you.

Ca. It does appeare fo.

Fa. To take my leave.

Ca. Tis granted Sir god buy.

Fa. But you must stay and heare a little more,
I promise not to trouble you with Courtſhip,
I am as weary as you can be displeased woot.

Ca. On these conditions, I would have the patience
To heare the brasen head ſpeakē.

Fa. Whether, or how I purpose to diſpoſe
My ſelfe hereafter, as I know you have
No purpoſe to enquire, I have no great
Ambition to diſcourse, but how I have
Studied your faire opinion, I remit
To t'me, and come now only to request
That you would grant, in lew of my trūe ſervice
One boone at parting.

Ca.

Ca. Forboone I proceede !

Fa. But you must sweare to pērforme truly what
I shall desire, and that you may not thinke
I come with any cunning to deceive you,
You shall except what ere you wou'd deny me,
And after all Ile make request.

Ca. How's this ?

Fa. But it concernes my life, or what can else,
Be neerer to me than you sweare.

Ca. To what ?

Fa. When you have made exceptions and thought,
What things in all the world you will exempt,
From my petition, Ile be confident
To tell you my desire.

Ca. This is faire play !

Fa. I would not for an Empire by a trick
Oblige you to performe, what should displease you.

Ca. This is a very strange request ; are you in earnest ;
Ere you begin shall I except ? tis oddes
But I may include, what you have a minde to, then
Wheres your petition ?

Fa. I will runne that hazard.

Ca. You will, why looke you ; for a little mirthes sake,
And since you come so honestly, because
You shannot say, I am compos'd of Marble,
I doe consent.

Fa. Sweare !

Ca. I am not come to that,
Ile first set bounds to your request, and when
I have left nothing for you worth my grant,
Ile take a zealous oath to grant you any thing.

Fa. You have me at your mercy !

Ca. First, you shannot
Desire that I should love you !

Fa. That's first, proceede !

Ca. No more but proceede, dee know what I say.

Fa. Your first exception forbid's to aske
That you should love me.

Ca.

Hiae Parke.

Ca. And you are contented.

Fa. I must be so.

Ca. What in the name of wonder will he askē me,
You shall not desire me to marry you.

Fa. That's the second.

Ca. You shall neither directly, nor indirectly wish me to
lye with you,
Have I not clipt the wings of your conceipt.

Fa. That's the third.

Ca. That's the third, is there any thing a young man would
Desire of his Mis, when he must neither love, marry, nor lye
Fa. My suite is still untoucht. (with her.

Ca. Suite! if you have another suite tis out of fashion,
Ye cannot begge my state, yet I would willingly
Give part of that to be rid on thee.

Fa. Not one Iewell.

Ca. You wo'd not have me spoyle my face, drinke poysōn,
Or kill any body.

Fa. Goodnesse forbid that I should wish your danger.

Ca. Then you wo'd not ha me ride through the City naked,
As once a Princesse of England did through Coventry.

Fa. All my desires are modest.

Ca. You shall not begge my Parrat nor intreate me
To fast, or weare a hayre smocke.

Fa. None of these.

Ca. I wonot be confin'd to make me ready
At tenne, and pray till dinner, I will play
At gleeke as often as I please, and see
Playes when I have a minde to't and the races,
Though men sho'd runne Adamits before me.

Fa. None of these trench on what I have to askē.

Ca. Why then I swear — stay
You shannot aske me before company
How old I am, a question most untoothsome,
I know not what to say more, Ile not be
Bound from spring garden, and the Sparagus.
I wo'nt have my tongue tyde up, when I've
a minde to jeere my suitors, among which

Your worship shall not doubt to be remembred,
 For I must have my humor, I am sick else;
 I will not be compeld to heare your sonnets,
 A thing before, I thought to advise you of,
 Your words of hard concoction rude Poetry
 Have much impayred my health, try fence another while
 And calculate some prose according to
 The elevation of our pole at London,
 As sayes the learned Almanacke—but come on
 And speake your minde, I ha done, I know not what
 More to except, if it be none of these
 And as you say feazable on my part,
 I swaere.

Fa. By what.

Ca. For once a kisse, it may be a parting blow,
 By that I will performe what you desire.

Fa. In few words thus receive it, by that oath
 I binde you, never to desire my company
 Hereafter, for no reason to affect me,
 This I am sure was none of your exceptions.

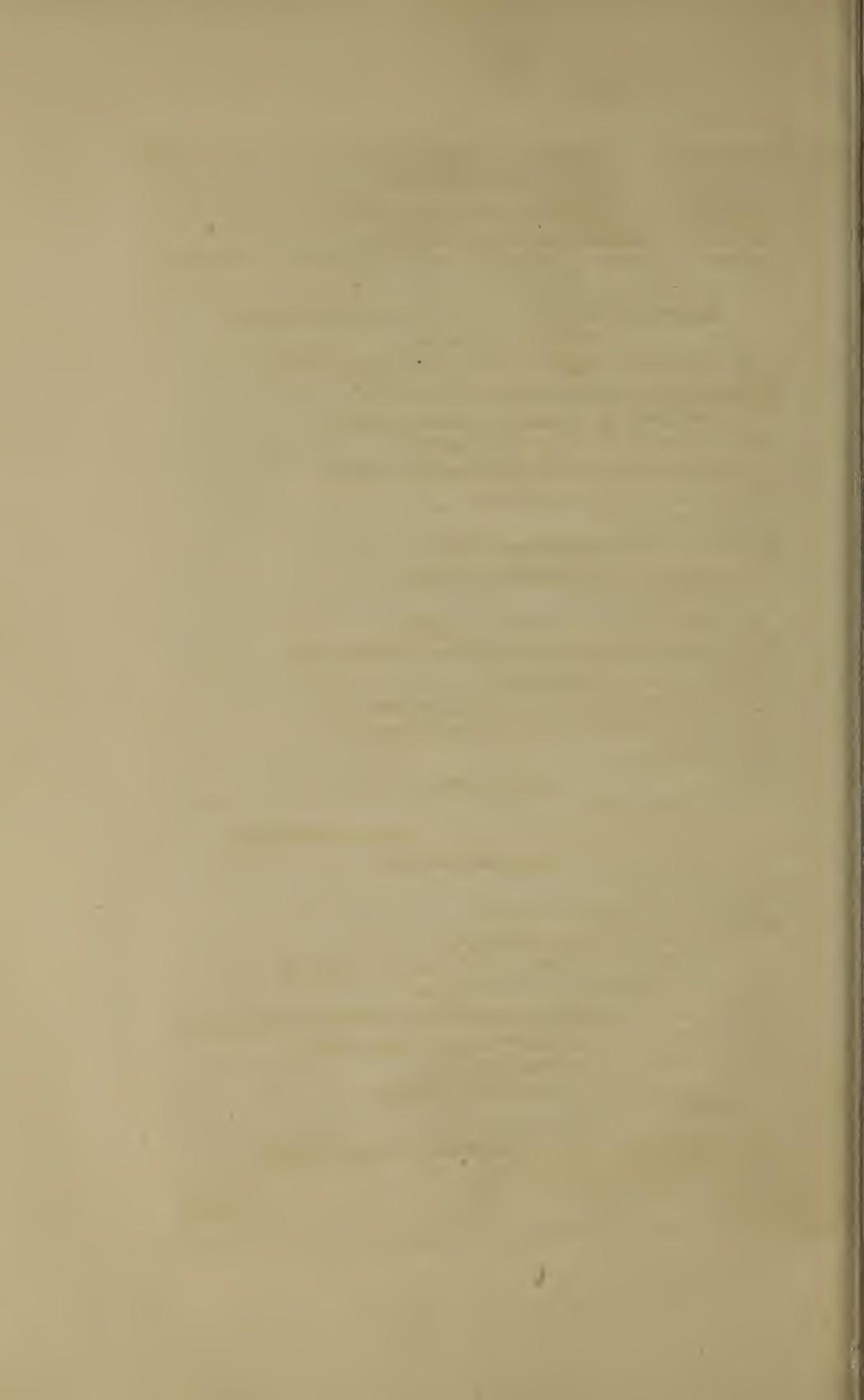
Ca. What has the man sayd?

Fa. Tis cleere, I am confident
 To your understanding.

Ca. You have made me swaere
 That I must never love you, nor desire
 Your company.

Fa. I know you will not violate,
 What you have sworne, so all good thoughts possesse you.

Ca. Was all this circumstance for this? I never Exit.
 Found any inclination to trouble him
 With too much love, why should he binde me from it,
 And make me swaer, an oath that for the present,
 I had no affection to him, had beeene reasonable,
 But for the time to come, never to love,
 For any cause or reason, that may move me
 Hereafter, very strange, I know not what to thinke on't,
 Although I never meant, to thinke well on him,
 Yet to be limitted, and be prescrib'd,



Hide Parke.

I must not doē it? twas a poore tricke in him,
But Ile goe practise something to forget it.

The third Act.

*Enter Lord Bonvile, Mistresse Iulieta, Fairefield,
with their Attendants.*

Lo. Lady y'are welcome to the spring, the Park
Lookes fresher to salute you, how the birds'
On every tree sing; with more cheerefullnesse
At your accesse, as if they prophecyed
Nature would dye, and resigne her providence
To you, fit onely to succeede her.

In. You expresse
A Master of all Complement, I have
Nothing but plaine humilitie, my Lord
To answere you.

Lo. But ile speake our owne English,
Hang these affected straines, which we sometimes
Practise, to please the curiositie
Of talking Ladyes, by this lippe th'art welcome,
Ile sweare a hundred oathes upon that booke,
An't please you.

Enter Tryer.

Tr. They are at it.

In. You shall not need my Lord, I'me not incredulous,
I doe beleieve your honour, and dare trust
For more than this.

Lo. I wonot breakē my credit
With any Lady that dares trust me.

In. She had a cruell heart, that would not venture
Vpon the irragement of your honour.

Lo. What? what durst thou venture now, and be plainē wo'me

In. There's nothing in the verge of my command
That shofild not serve your Lordship.

Lo. Speake, speake truth, and flatter not,
Vpon what security?

In. On that which you propounded sir, your honour,
It is above all other obligation,

Hide Parke.

And he that's truely noble will not stainē it.

Lo. Vpon my honour will you lend me then
But a nights lodging.

In. How sir.

Lo. She is angry

I shall obtaine, I know the tricke ont, had
She yeelded at the first it had beene fatall.

In. It seemes your Lordship speakes to one you know not.

Lo. But I desire to know you better Lady.

In. Better ! I should desire my Lord.

Lo. Better or worse, if you dare venture one,
Ile hazard t'other.

In. Tis your Lordships mirth.

Lo. Y'are in the right, tis the best mirth of all.

In. Ile not beleeve my Lord you meane so wantonly
As you professe.

Lo. Refuse me if I doe not
Not meane? I hope you have more Charity
Then to suspect, Ile not perforne as much,
And more than I ha said, I know my fauk,
I am too modest when I undertake,
But when I am to Act let me alone.

Tr. You shall be alone no longer
My good Lord.

Lo. Franck Tryer.

Tr. Which side holds your honour.

Lo. I am o'thy side Franck.

Tr. I thinke so ! for

All the Park's against me, but 6. to 4.
Is oddes enough.

In. Is it so much against you.

Tr. Lady I thinke tis two, to one.

Lo. We were on even termes till you came hither,
I finde her yeelding, and when they doe run?

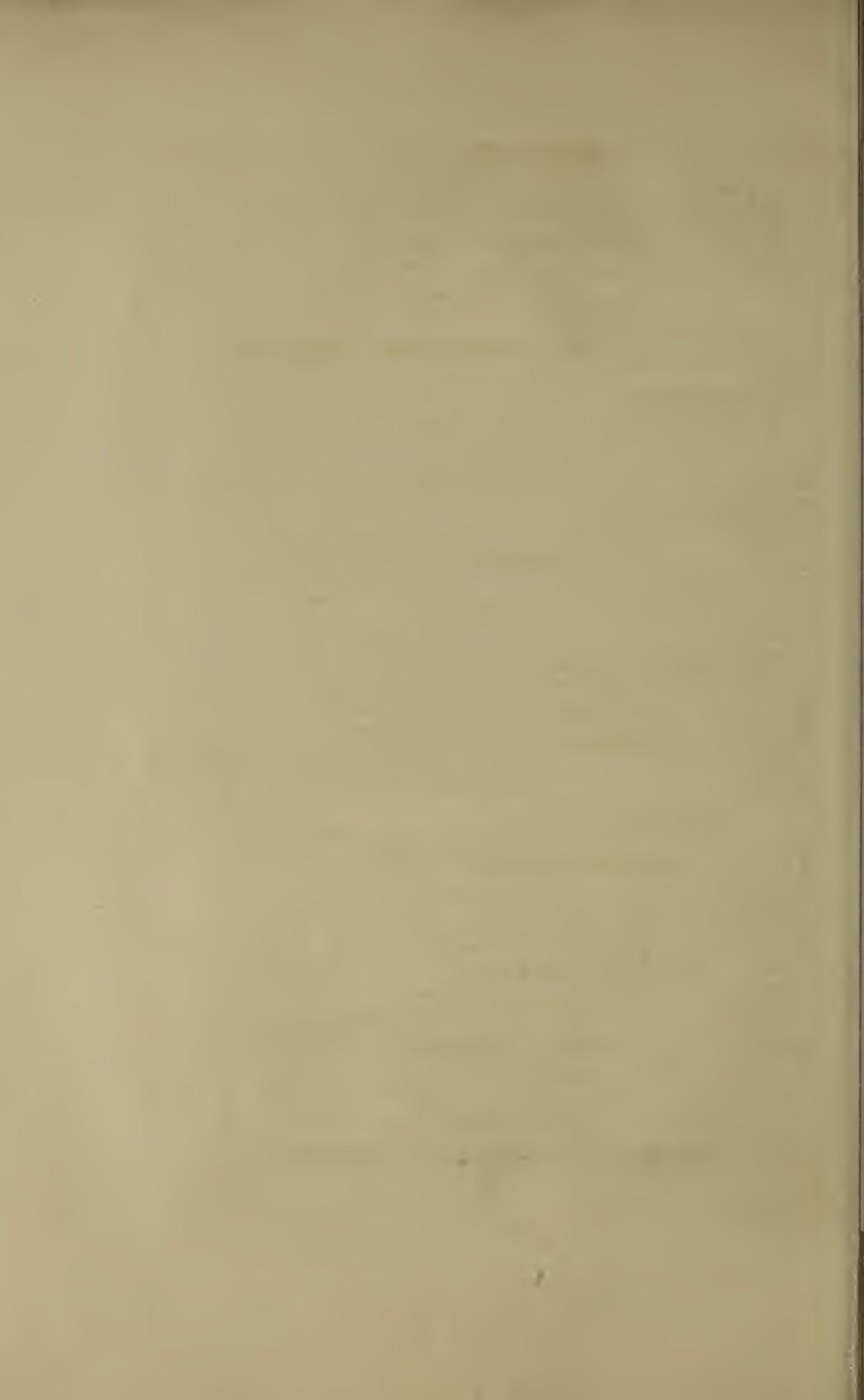
Tr. They say presently.

Lo. Will you venture any thing Lady?

Tr. Perhaps she reservis her selfe for the horse race.

In. There I may venture somewhat with his Lordship.

Lo. That



Hide Parke.

Lo. That was a witty one.

Tr. You will be doing.

La. You are for the footemen.

Tr. I runne with the Company.

Enter Rider, and Venture.

Ven. Ile goe your halfe.

Ri. No thanke you Iacke, would I had tennē peeces more

On't.

Lo. Which side? hee shal beare his wounde.

Ri. On the Irishman.

Lo. Done! Ile maintaine the English,

As many more with you, I loye to cherishe

Our quynie Countrymen.

Ven. Tis done my Lord.

Tr. Ile rooke for once, my Lord Ile hold you twenty more

Lo. Done with you too.

In. Your Lordship is very confident.

Lo. Ile lay with you too.

Tr. Lye with her the meaches.

Lo. Come, you shall venture something,

What gold against a kisse, but if you lose,

You shall pay it formallly downe upon my lippe.

Tr. Though she should winne, it wold be held extortyon
To take your money.

In. Rather want of modesty,
A great sinne if you observe the circumstance,
I see his Lordshippe has a disposition
To be merry, but proclaime not this free laye
To every one, some women in the world
Would hold you all day.

Lo. But not all night sweete Lady.

Ven. Will you not see 'em my Lord?

Lo. Franck Tryar, youle waite upon this gentlewoman,
I must among the gamesters, I shall quickly
Returne to kisse v' our hand.

Tr. How dee Ile this gallant.

In. Hee's one it becomes not me to censur.

Tr. Dee not finde him coming, a wilde gentleman

Hide Park

You may in time convert him.

In. You made me acquainted with him to that purpose,
It was your confidence, Ile do what I can,
Because he is your noble Friend, and one
In whom was hid so much perfection.
Of honour, for at first twas most invisible,
But it begins to appeare, and I do perceive
A glimering, it may breake out a flame,
I shall know all his thoughts at our next conference,
He has a secret to impart he sayes
only to me.

Tr. And will you heare it?

In. Yes Sir, if it be honourable there is no harme in't,
If otherwise you do not doubt my innocence.

Tr. But do not tempt a danger.

In. From his Lordship.

Tr. I do not say from him.

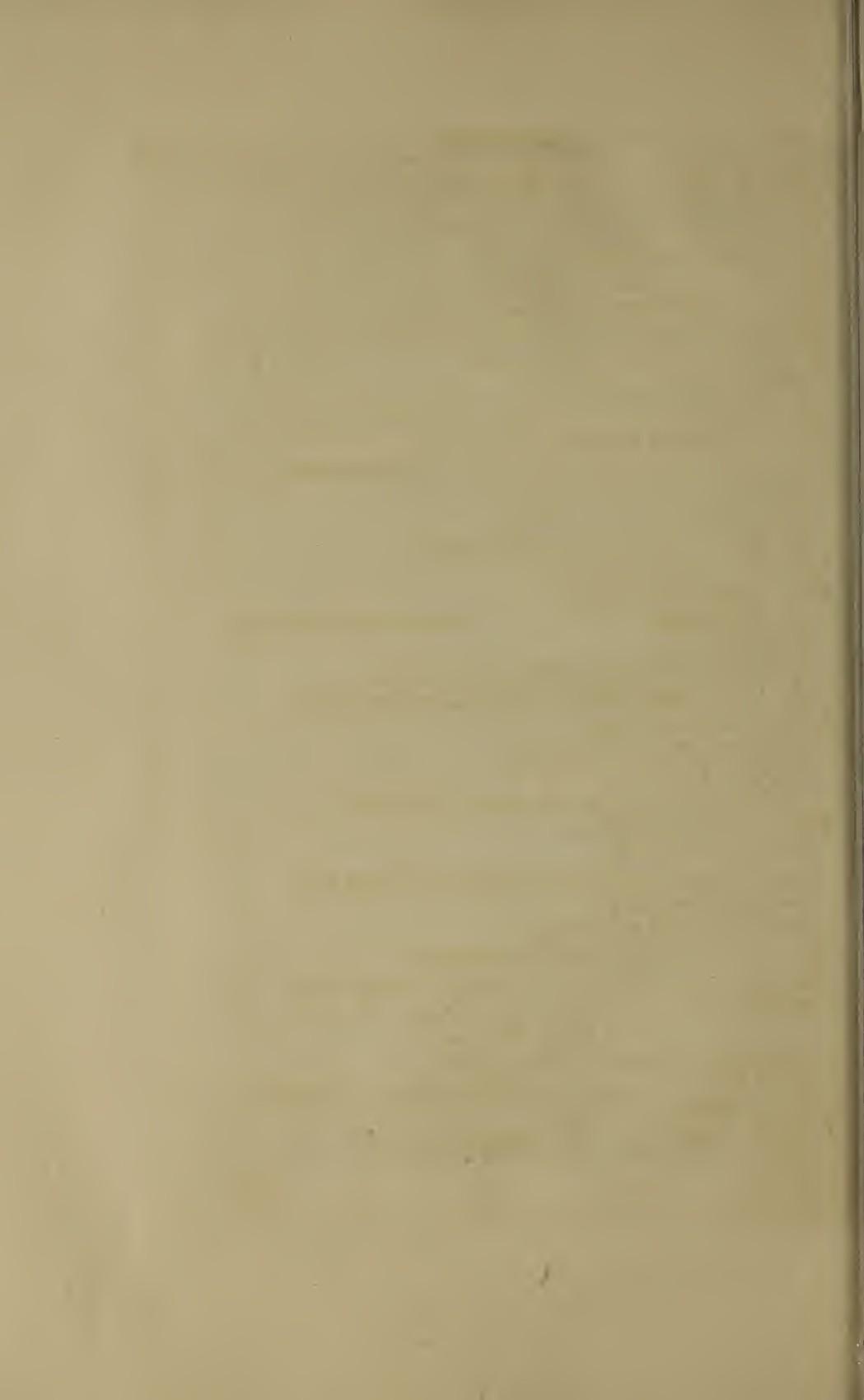
In. From mine owne frailety.

Tr. I dare not conclude that, but from the matter
Of his discourse, on which there may depend
A circumstance that may not prove so happy.

In. Now I must tell you Sir, I see your heart
Is not so just as I deserve, you have
Engag'd me to his conversation,
Provok'd by jealous thoughts, and now your fear
Betrayes your want of goodnes, for he never
was right at home, that dare suspect his Mistris,
Can love degenerate in noble breasts,
Collect the arguments, that could invite you
To this unworthy tryall, bring them to
My forehead, where you shall inscribe their names
For virgins to blush at me, if I do not
Fairly acquit my selfe.

Tr. Nay be not passionate.

In. I am not Sir so guilty to be angry,
But you shall give me leave unlesse you will
Declare, you dare not trust me any further,
Not to breake off so rudely with his, Lordship,



Hist Barkay

I Will heare what he meanes to say to me,
And if my councell may preuale with you,
You shannot interrupt us, have but patience
Ile keepe the story for you, and assure you evig else.
My ends have no base mixture; not my love,
To you could bribe me to the least dishonour,
Much lesse a stranger, since I have gone so farre
By your commission, I will proceede
A little further at my perrill Sir.

Tr. I know thou art prooef against a thousand Engins,
Pursue what waies you please.

Enter Lacy, Mistris Bonavent. and Mistris Caroll.

In. This morning married ?

Tr. That your brothers Mistris.

In. She that leeres all within Gunshotte.

Tr. In the way of Suiters,
She is reported such a tyrant.

In. My Brother. *Enter Master Fairefeld.*

Fa. Frank Tryer.

In. Brother do you know that gentlewoman?

Fa. Tis she, then you and I must see me more familiere,

And you shannot be angry.

La. What gentlewomans that?

Tr. She does not know thee.

Ca. Was this his reason, pray if you love me lets

Walke by that gentleman.

La. Master Fairefeld.

Ca. Is that well trust gentleman one of them that run?

Bo. Your sweet heart.

Ca. Ha, ha, Ide laugh at that.

If you allow a bushell of salt to acquaintance,

Pray vouchsafe two words to a bargaine while you live,

I scarce remember him, keepe in great heart.

Enter Master Bonavent.

La. Oh Sir you are very well met here.

M. B. We are met indeed, Sir thanke you for your musickē!

La. It is not so much worth.

M. B. I made you merry Master Bridegrome.

La.

Hide Parke.

La. I could not choose but laugh:

M. B. Be there any races here?

La. Yes Sir horse and foote.

M. B. Youle give me leave to take my Course then.

Ca. This is the Capraine that did Dance

M. B. Not so nimblly as your wit, pray let me askē you a que-

I heare that gentlewoman's married.

Ca. Married without question Sir.

M. B. Deē think he has bin aforehand,

Ca. How deē meant:

M. B. In English has he plaid the forward gamester

And turnd up trump.

Ca. Before the Cards be shufled?

I lay my life you meane a coate Card.

Deale againe, you gave one to many

In the last tricke, yet Ile tell thee what I thinke.

M. B. What?

Ca. I thinke she and you might ha shewnē more wit.

M. B. Why she and I?

Ca. She to ha kapt her selfe a Widdow,

You not to have asked me such a foolish question,

But if shē had beene halfe so wise, as in

My conscience she is honest, you had mist

That excellent occasion, to shew

Your notable skill in dancing, but it pleaseſt

The learned destinies to put things together,

And so we separate.

M. B. Fare-ye well Mistris.

Ca. Come hither, go to that gentleman Mr. Fairefeld.

Bo. Prethee sweete heart who runnes?

La. An Irish and an English footeman!

Bo. Will they runne this way?

La. Just before you, I must have a beth

Bo. Nay, nay you shannot leave me.

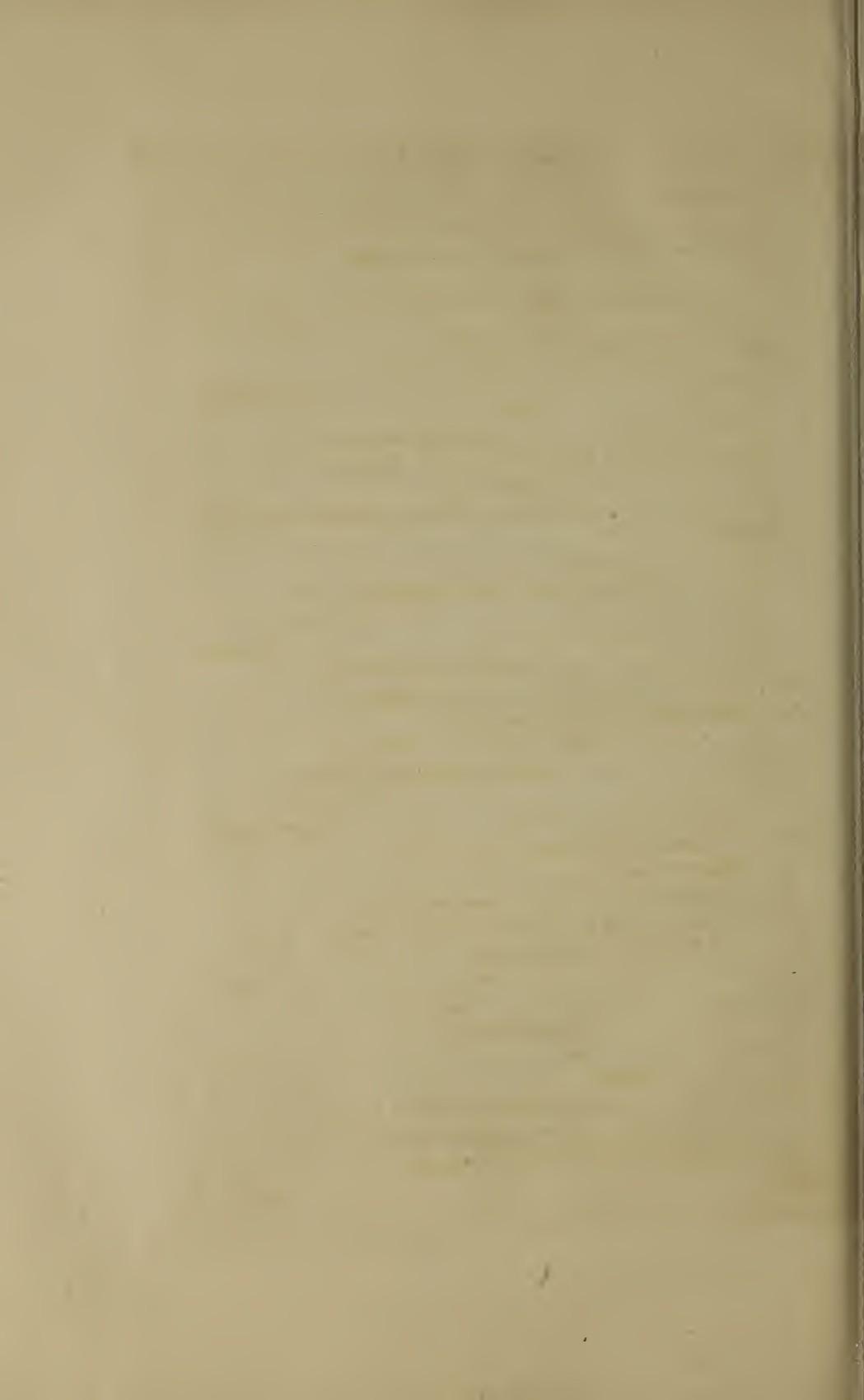
Ca. Do it discreetely, I must speake to him,

To ease my heart I shall burst else,

Weele expect em here, Cousen, do they runne naked?

Bo. That were a most immodest sight.

Ca.



Hide Parke.

Ca. Here haue bin such fellowes, Cousen!

Bo. It would fright the women I

Ca. Some are of opinion it brings us hither,
Hark what a confusion of tongues there is,
Let you and I venture a paire of Gloves
Vpon their feete, Ile take the Irish.

Bo. Tis done, but you shall pay if you lose.

Ca. Heres my hand, you shall have the Gloves if you winne.

Bo. I thinke they are started.

The Runners, after them the Gentlemen.

Omnes. A Teag, A Teag, make way for shame.

Lo. I hold any man forty peeces yet.

Ven. A hundred pound to ten, a hundred peeces to ten, will

No man take me?

M. B. I hold you Sir.

Ven. Well you shall see, a Teag a Teag hey.

Tr. Ha well run Irish.

Bo. He may be in a Boggē anon.

Exeunt.

Ca. Can they tell what they doe in this Noife,

Pray Heaven it do not breake into the Tombes

At Westminster; and wake the dead.

Enter Master Fairefeild and his Sister.

Fa. She's yonder still, she thinks thee a new Mistris.

In. I observe her.

Fa. How goe thinges Franke.

Enter Tryer.

Prethee observē that creature.

Tr. She leeres this way.

Fa. I ha done such a strangē cure upon her,

Sh'as sent for me, and I will entreat thee Franke

To be a witnes of my triumph, tis

Now in my power to punish all her leeres,

But Ile go to her, thou shalt keepe a distance

Only to heare, how most miraculously

I ha brought things about.

Tr. The cry returns.

Omnes. Make-way there, a Teag, a Teag, a Teag.

Enter Runners, and Gentlemen.

Ven. Forty, fifty, a hundred peeces to ten,

F

M. B.

Hide Parke.

M. B. I hold you.

Ven. Well you shall see, you shall see.

M. B. This gentleman does nothing but talke, he makes good
No bet.

Ven. Talke? you prate, Ile make good what I please Sir.

M. B. Make the best you can o'that.

They smitch, and draw, and Exeunt.

Enter Lord.

Bon. For heavens sake lets remove.

Ca. What for a naked weapon!

Lo. Fight gentlemen, y'are fine fellowes, 'tis a noble cause,
Come Lady Ile discharge your feares,
A Cup of Sacke, and Anthony at the Rose

Will reconcile their furies.

Exeunt.

Enter Fairefeld, and Tryer.

Fa. I make a doubt whether I should go to her,
Upon a single summons.

Tr. By any meanes.

Fa. What women are forbidden!
They're mad to execute, she's here, be you
It'h reach of her voyce, and see how I will humble her.

Enter Caroll, and Rider.

Ca. But keepe at some fit distance.

Ri. You honour me, and shall

Command me any service.

Exit.

Ca. He has gone a strange way to worke with me.

Fa. Well advis'd, obserue and laugh without a noise,

Ca. I am ashamed to thinke what I must say now.

Fa. By your leave Lady! I take it you sent for me?

Ca. You wonnot be so impudent; I, send for you!

By Whom or when?

Fa. Your servant —

Ca. Was a villaine if he mention'd

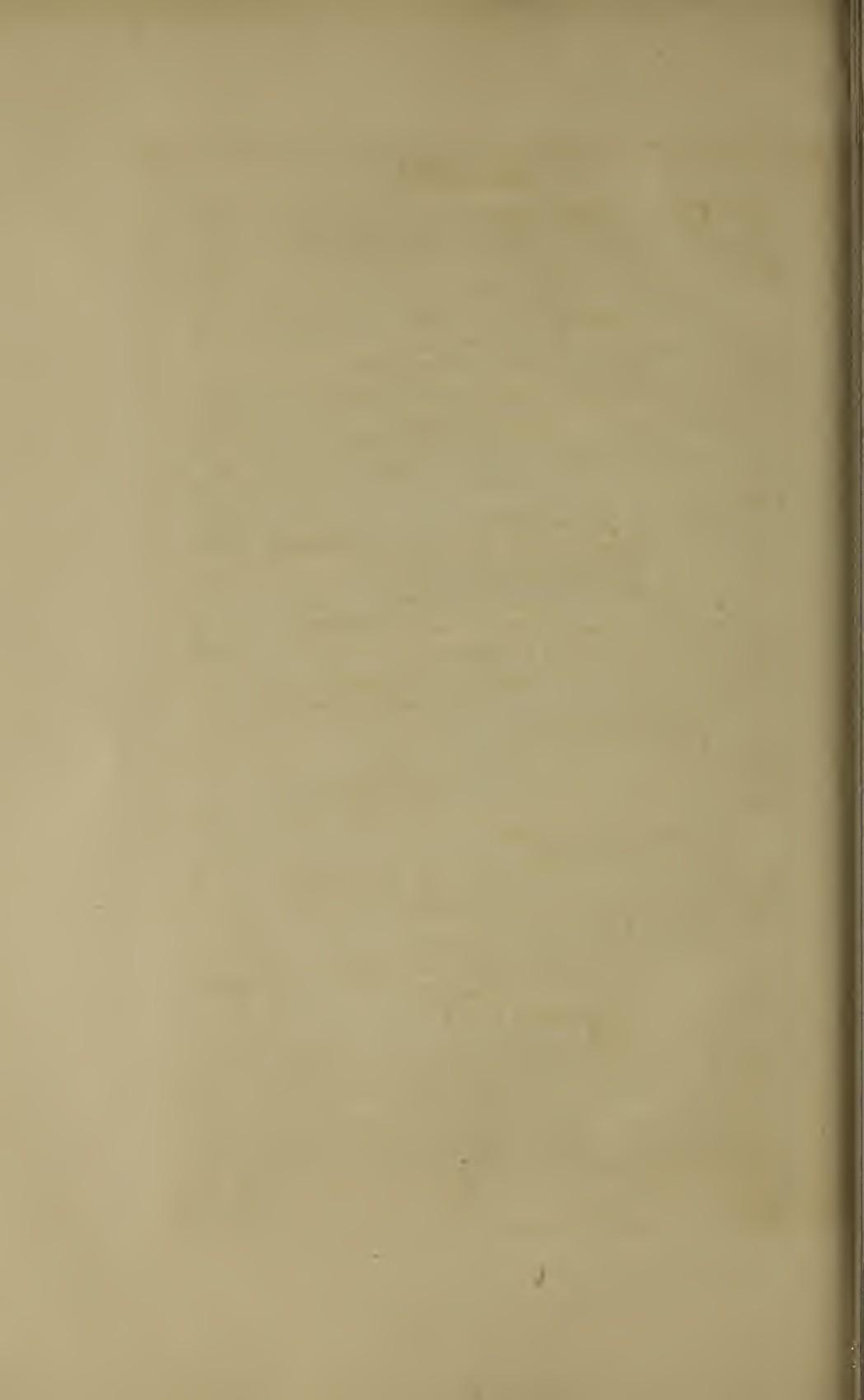
I had any such desire, he told me indeed

You courted him to entreat me that I would

Be pleas'd to give you another audience,

And that you swoare, I know not what confound you;

You would not trouble me above six words.



Hide Parke.

Fa. You are prettily dispos'd.

Ca. With much adoe you see I have consented,

What is't you world say?

Fa. Nay, what is't, you would say?

Ca. Be you no prompter to insinuate

The first word of your studied Oration,

He's out on's part, come, come Ile imagine it,

Was it not something to this purpose — Lady,

Or Mistresse, or what you will, although

I must confesse; you may with justice laugh at

My most ridiculous suite, and you will say,

I am a foole.

Fa. You may say any thing.

Ca. To come a gen, whom you have so tormented,

For nere was simple Camomile so trod on,

Yet still I grow in love, but since there is

No hope to thaw your heart, I now am desperate,

Oh give me, lend me but the silken tye,

About your legge, which some doe call a garter,

To hang my selfe, and I am satisfied, am not I a witch?

Fa. I thinke th'art past it,

Which of the furies art thou made already,

I shall depart the world, nere feare it Lady,

Without a necklace, did not you send for me.

T. I shall laugh a loud sir.

Ca. What madnesse has

Possest you? have I not sworne you know by what,

Never to thinke well of you, of all men.

Living, not to desire your companie,

And will you still intrude, shall I be haunted

For ever, no place give me privilegde;

Oh man what art thou come to?

Fa. Oh woman!

How farre thy tongue and heart doe live asunder,

Come; I ha found you out, off with this vayle,

It hides not your complexion, I doe tell thee,

I see thy heart, and every thought within it,

A little peevishnesse to save your credit

Hide Parke.

Had not beeне much amisse, but this over
Over doing the businesse it appeares
Ridiculous, like my suite as you inferred,
But I forgive thee and forget thy trickes
And trillabubs, and will sweare to love thee
Hartily; wenches must ha their wayes.

Ca. Pardon me sir, if I have seem'd too light,
It was not rudenesse from my heart, but a
Disguise to save my honour if I found
You still incredulous.

Fa. I love thee better
For thy Vagaries.

Ca. In vaine I see I should dissemble w'ee,
I must confess y'ave caught me, had you still
Pursued the common path, I had fled from you,
You found the constitution of women
In me, whose will, not reason is their law,
Most apt to doe, what most they are forbidden,
Impatient of curbes in their desires.

Fa. Thou sayest right.
Ca. Oh love I am thy Captive, but I am forsworne,
Am I not sir ?

Fa. Nere thinke o'that.

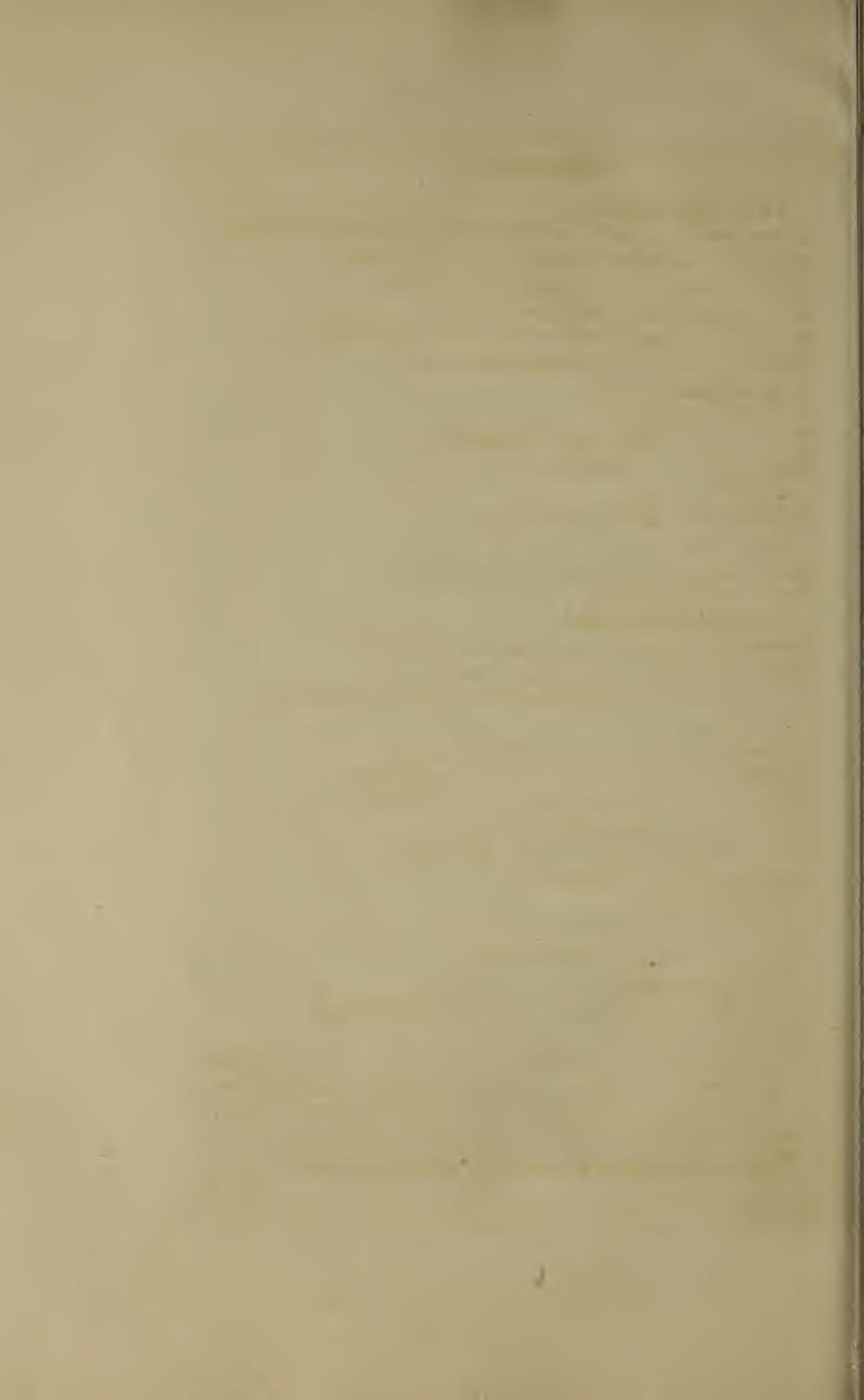
Ca. Nere thinke on't.

Fa. Twas a vaine oath, and well may be dispent with.

Ca. Oh sir, be more religious, I never
Did violate an oath in all my life,
Though I ha beene wilde, I had a care of that,
An oathe's a holy obligation,
And never dreaming of this chance, I tooke it
With true intention to performe your wishes,

Fa. Twas but a kisse, Ile give it thee agen.

Ca. But tis inrold in that high Court already;
I must confess, I could looke on you now
With other eyes, for my rebellious heart
Is soft and capeable of loves impression,
Which may prove dangerous, if I cherish it,
Having forsworne your love,



Hilde Parkes

Fa. Now I am fittet,
I have made twigges to ierke my selfe — well thought on
You shall absolye your selfe, your oath does not oblige me
Oblige you to performe what you excepted,
And among them, if you remember, you said I bliste
Said you must have your humor you'd be sickē else,
Now if your humor be to breake your oath,
Your obligation's void.

Ca. You have releev'd me, but do not triumph in your conquest sir,
But do not triumph in your conquest sir, make your selfe
Be modest in your victory.

Fa. Will not you
Fly off againe, now Y'are at large?

Ca. If you suspect it, call some witnessesse of my yowres,
Suspect it, call some witnessesse of my yowres,

I will contract my self.

Fa. And I am provided,
Franke Tryer appeare, and shew thy Phisnomy,

He is a Friend of mine, and you may trust him.

Ca. What summe of money is it you would borrow?

Tr. I borow ?

Ca. This gentleman your friend has fully
Posselt me with your wants, nay do not blush,
Debt is no sinne, though my owne monyes sir
Are all abroad, yet upon good security,
Which he answeres you can put in, I will shew it to you
Speake to a friend of mine.

Fa. What security ?

Ca. Your selves, and two sufficient Aldermen,

For men are mortall and may breake.

Fa. What meane you by this ?

Ca. You shall have fifty pounds for forty weekes
To do you a pleasure.

Fa. Youle not use me thus ?

Tr. Fare you well, you have miraculously brought things

Ca. You worke by stratagem and Ambuscado.

Do you not thinke your selfe a proper gentleman,
Whom by your want of haire some hold a wit too.

Hide Parke.

You know my heart, and every thought within it
How I am caught, do I not melt like hony
It's dogge dantes, why do you looke so staring?

Fa. Do not you love me for all this

Ca. Would I had Art enough to draw your picture,
It would shew rarely at the exchange, you have
A medly in your face of many Nations,
Your Nose is Romane, which your next debauchment,
At Taverne with the helpe of pot or candlestickē
May turne to Indian flat; your lip is Austrian,
And you do well to bite it; for your Chishne
It does incline to the Bavarian poke,
But seven yeares may disguise it with a beard,
And make it more ill favoured; you have eyes
Especially when you goggle thus, not much of
Vnlike a Lewes, and yet some men might take em
For Turkes, by the two halfe Moones that rise about em;
I am an Infidell to use him thus:

Fa. Till now I never was my selfe, farewell
For eyer wost al, not worth love or anger;

Ca. De heare one word,
I'de faine speake kindly to him,
Why dost not rasse at me?

Fa. No, I will laugh at thee and at my selfe,
To have bin so much a foole, y'are a fine may game.

Ca. I shall foole too much, but one word more,
By all the faith and love of womankinde,
Beleeve me now, it wonot out.

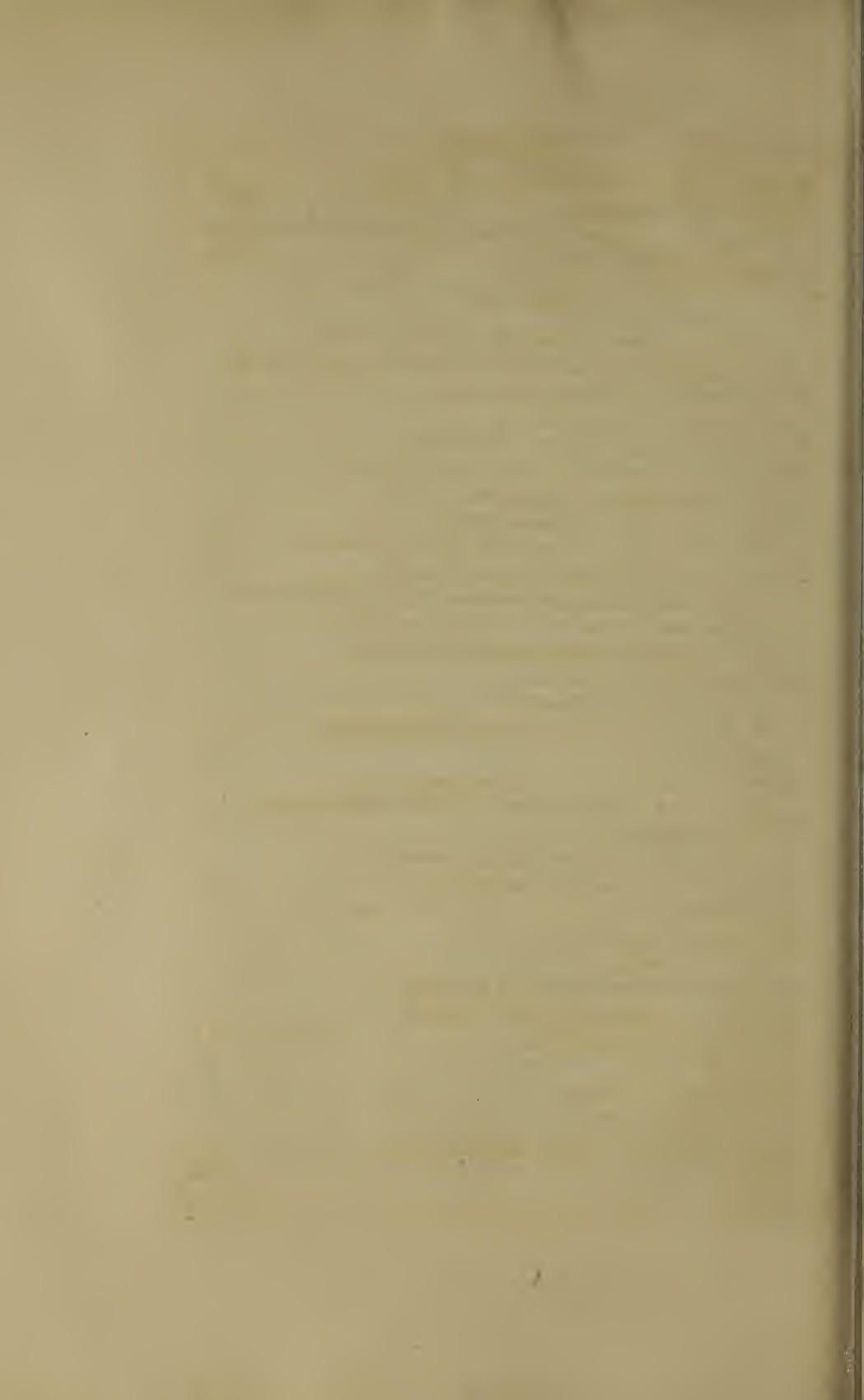
Fa. Farewell, When next I dote upon thee be a Monster,

Ca. Harke sir the Nightingale, therre is better lucke
Comming towards us.

Fa. When you are out of breath
You will give over, and for better lucke,
I do beleive the bird, for I can leave thee,
And not be in love with my owne torment.

Ca. How sweetnesse is all this

Fa. I ha said, stay you and practise with the bird,



Hilde Park.

Twas Philomel they say, and thou wert one,
I should new ravish thee.

Ce. I must to th' Coach and weepe, my heart will break else,
I'me glad he does not see me.

Exit.

Exit.

The fourth Act.

Bonvile, Mistresse Fairefield.

In. Whither will you walke my Lord, you may engage
Your selfe too farre and lose your sport!

Lo. I would
Goe farther for a little sport, you meane
The horse race, they're not come into the Park yet,
I might doe something else, and returne time
Enough towinnē five hundred peeces.

In. Your Lordship had no fortune in the last match,
I wish'd your confidence a happier successe.

Lo. We must loose sometimes — harke the Nightingale!

In. You win my Lord I dare engage my selfe.

Lo. You make the *Omg* fortunate, this bird
Doth prophesie good lucke.

In. Tis the first time I heard it.

Lo. And I this spring, lets walke a little further.

In. I am not weary but —

Lo. You may trust your person Lady.

In. I were too much wicked to suspect your honour
And in this place.

Lo. This place, the place were good enough
If you were bad enough, and as prepar'd
As I, there have beeene stories that some have
Strucke many deere within the Parke:

In. Foule play,
If I did thinke your honour had a thought
To Venture at unlawfull game, I should
Ha brought lessie confidence,

Enter Tryer.

Lo. Ha Tryer,
What does he follow us?

In. To shew I dare
Be bold upon your vertue, take no notice

Hide Parke.

Ile waſt him backe agen, my Lord walke forward!

Exit.

Tr. Thus farre alone? yet why doe I ſuſpect?

Hang Jealousie tis naught, it breeds too many

Wormes in our braines, and yet ſhe might ha ſuffered me,

Enter Lacy and Miftrefſe Bonavent.

Maſter Lacy, and his bride!

Bo. I was wont to have one alwayes in my chamber.

La. Thou ſhaſt have a wholē quire of Nightingales.

Bo. I heard it yesterdaу warble to prettily.

La. They ſay tis luckie, when it is the firſt
Bird that ſalutes our eare.

Bo. Doe you beleevye it?

Tr. I am of his minde, and love a happy Augury.

La. Obſerve the firſt note alwayes
Cuckoo?

Is this the Nightingale?

Bo. Why doe you looke ſo?

La. Are not we marryed?
I wood not haue beene a bachelour to haue heard it.

Bo. To them they ſay tis fatall.

Tr. And to marryed men
Cuckoo is no delightfull note, I ſhall
Be ſuperstitious.

Bo. Lets walke a little further.

La. I waite upon thee, harke ſtill ha ha ha?

Exit.

Tr. I am not much in love with the broad ditty.

Enter Fairfield.

Fa. Frank Tryer, I haueene ſeeking thee

About the Parke.

Tr. What to doe,

Fa. To be merry for hafe an hourē, I finde
A ſcurvie Melancholy Creepe upon me,
Ile trye what facke will doe, I ha ſent my footman
To th Maurice for a bottle, we ſhall meete him,
Ile tell thee to ther ſtory of my Lady.

Tr. Ile waite on you.

Fa. But that ſhe is my ſister,
I de ha thee forſware women, but lets walke.

Enter

Hide Parkes.

Enter Bonavent.

M. B. This way they marched, I hope they wonot leape
The pale, I do not know the disposition
Of my capring gentleman, and therefore two'not
Be indiscretion to observe him, thinges
Must be a little better reconcil'd,
The Nightingale—this can presage no hurt,
But I shall lose my Pigeons, they are in view,
Fairē and farre off.

Exit.

Enter Venture, and Rider.

Ven. He must be a Pegasus that beatē me.
Ri. Yet your confidence may deceive you, you will ride
Against a Jockey, that has horse-manshippe.

Ven. A Jockey, a Jackanapes a horse-backe rather,
A Monkey or a Masty dogge would shew
A Giant to him, and I were *Alexander*
I would lay the world upon my Mare, she shall
Run with the devill for a hundred peeces,
Make the match who will.

Ri. Not I, you shall excuse me,
Nor would I win his money.

Ven. Whose?

(pocket,

Ri. The devils, my gold has burnt this 12. moneths in my
A little of his amongst, would scorch my thighes
And make such tinder of my linings, that
My breeches never after, would hold money,
But let these passe; wheres *Lacy* and his Bride ?

Ven. They are walk't to heare the Nightingale.

Ri. The Nightingale ? I ha' not heard one this yeare,

Ven. Listen, and we shall heare one presently,

Cuckoo.

Ven. The bird speaks to you.

Ri. No tis to you.

Ven. Now do I suspect
I shall lose the race.

Ri. Despaire for a Cuckoo.

Ven. A Cuckoo wo'not flatter,
His word will goe before a gentlemans

G

I^th

Hide Parke.

It'h City ? tis an understanding bird
And seldome failes, a Cuckoo, Ile hedge in
My money presently.

Ri. For shame be confident.

Ven. Will you goe halfe.

Ri. Ile goe it all, or any thing.

Ven. Hang Cuckoo's then.

My Lord, Bonvile, Lacy, and his bride !

Enter Lo. Bon. Lacy, Mistris Fairefeld, Mistris Bona.

Lo. How now gentlemen?

Ven. Your honours servants.

Ri. Ladies, I kisse your hands.

Lo. You are the man, will run away with all
The gold anon.

Ven. Your Iockey must fly else.

Ri. Ile hold your honour thirty peeces more.

Lo. Tis done.

In. Do you ride your selfe.

Ven. I shall have the Raines in my owne hand *Lady.*

Bo. Master Rider, saw you not my Cousen. *Enter Caroll.*

Cry mercy she is here, I thought y'ad follow'd us.

Lo. Your kinswoman,

I shall be honoured to be your servant *Lady.*

Ca. Alas my Lord youle lose by't I.

What ?

Ca. Honour me being my servant I her's a brace
Of gentlemen will tell you as much.

Ven. But will say nothing for our credits.

Bo. You looke as you had wept.

Ca. I weepe ! For what ?

Come toward the Lodge, and drinke a sillabub !

Bo. A match !

La. And as we walke, Iacke Venture thou shalt sing,
The song thou mad st ot h horses.

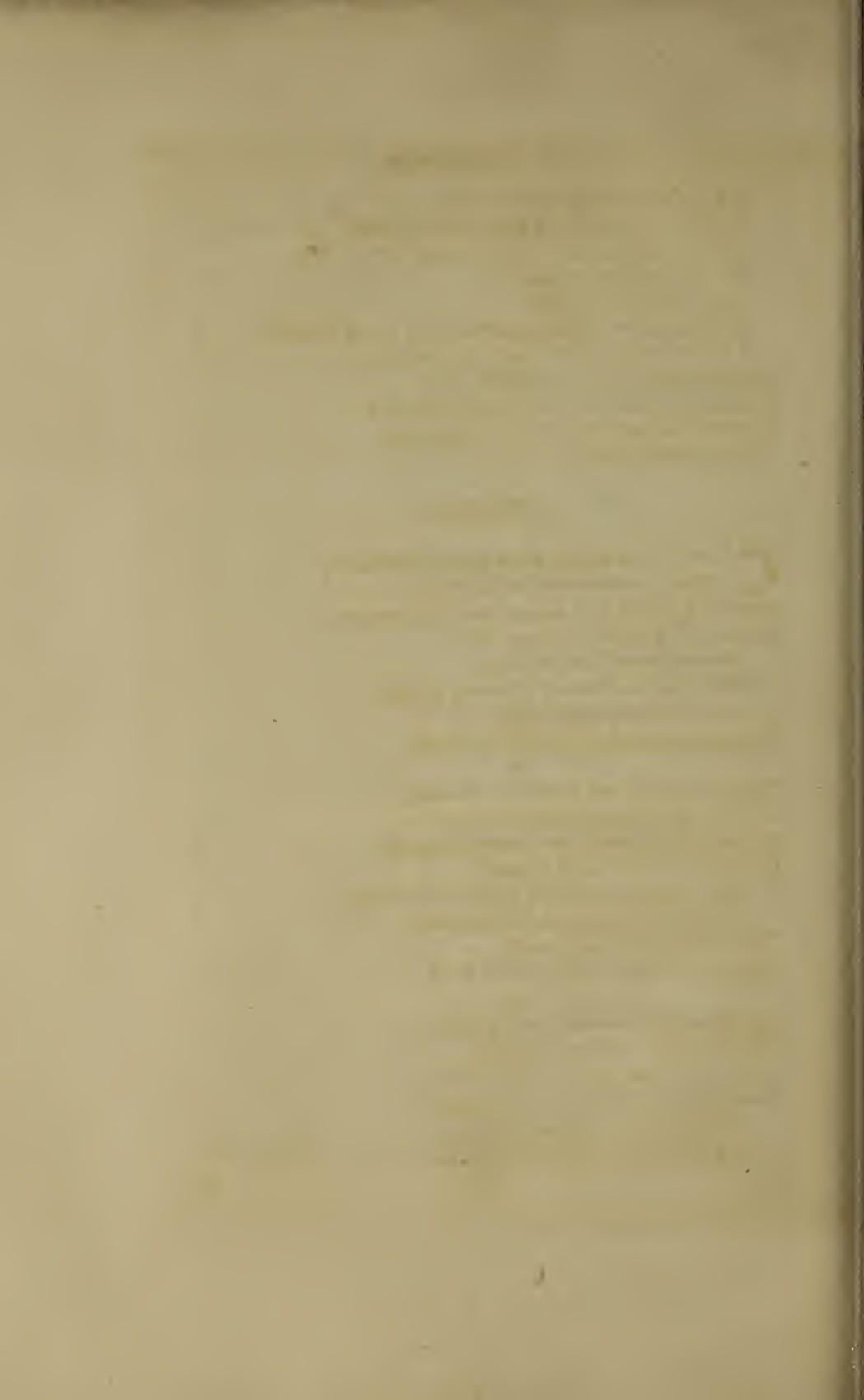
Ven. You shall pardon me.

Ri. What among friends? my Lord if you'd speake to him,

La. A song by all meanes, prethee, let me.

Intreat it, what's the subject ?

Lo.



Hide Parke.

Lá. Of all the running horses.

Ven. Horses and Mares put them together.

Lo. Lets ha't, come I heard you can sing rarely.

Ri. An excellent voyce.

Lá. A Ravishing tone.

Ven. Tis a very ballad my Lord, and a course tunc.

Lo. The better, why does any tune become

A gentleman so well as a ballad, hang

Curiosity in musicke, leave those crotches

To men that get their living with a song,

Come come beginne.

The Song.

*C*ome Muses all that dwell nigh the fountaine,

Made by the winged horses heele,

Which firk'd with his rider over each Mountaine,

Let me your galloping raptures feele.

I doe not sing of fleas, or frogges,

Nor of the well mouth'd hunting dogges.

Let me be just all praises must,

Be given to well breath'd Lillian Thrust.

2.

Young Constable and kill deeres famous,

The Cat the Mouse and Noddy Gray,

With nimble Pegabrig you cannot shame us,

With Spaniard nor with Spinola.

Hill climbing white-rose, praise doth not lacke,

Hansome Dunbar, and yellow Jack,

But if I be just all praises must,

Be given to well breath'd lillian Thrust.

3.

Sure Spurr'd sloven, true running Robin,

Of young shaver I doe not say lesse,

Strawbery Soame, and let Spider pop in,

Fine Brackly and brave lurching Besse.

Victorious too, was herring shotten,

And spit in's arse is not forgotten.

Hide Parke.

*But if I be just all honour muſt
Be given to well breath'd Lillian Thruf.*

*Luſty Gorge and gentlemen, harke yet,
To wining Mackarell fine mouth'd Freake,
Bay Tarrall that won the cup at Newmarket,
Thandring tempeſt, black dragon eake.*

*Pretious sweetelippeſ, I doe not loſe,
Nor Toby with his golden ſhoes,
But if I be just, all honour muſt,
Be given to well breath'd Lillian Thruf.*

Lo. Excellent, how thinke you Lady?

Iu. I like it very well.

Ca. I never thought you were a Poet ſir.

Ven. No no, I doe but dabble.

*Ca. You can ſing early too, how wēre theſe parts
Obſerv'd, invisible?*

Ven. You may ſee Lady.

Iu. Good ſir your pardon;

Ven. Doe you love ſinging, hum, la la.

Ca. Who would ha thought theſe qualitiēs were in you,

Ven. Now or never.

Ca. Why I was coſend.

*Ven. You are not the firſt I ha coſend, ſhall I wash
Your faces with the drops of Helicon, I ha fancies in my head.*

Ca. Like Iupiter you want a Vulcan but

To cleave your ſkull, and out peepes bright Minerva.

Iu. When you returne Ile tell you more my Lord.

Ven. Give me a ſubject.

Bo. Prethee Coſe doe.

Ca. Let it be how much you dare ſuffer for me.

Ven. Enough — hum, fa, la la.

Enter Page.

Pa. Master Venter y'are expected.

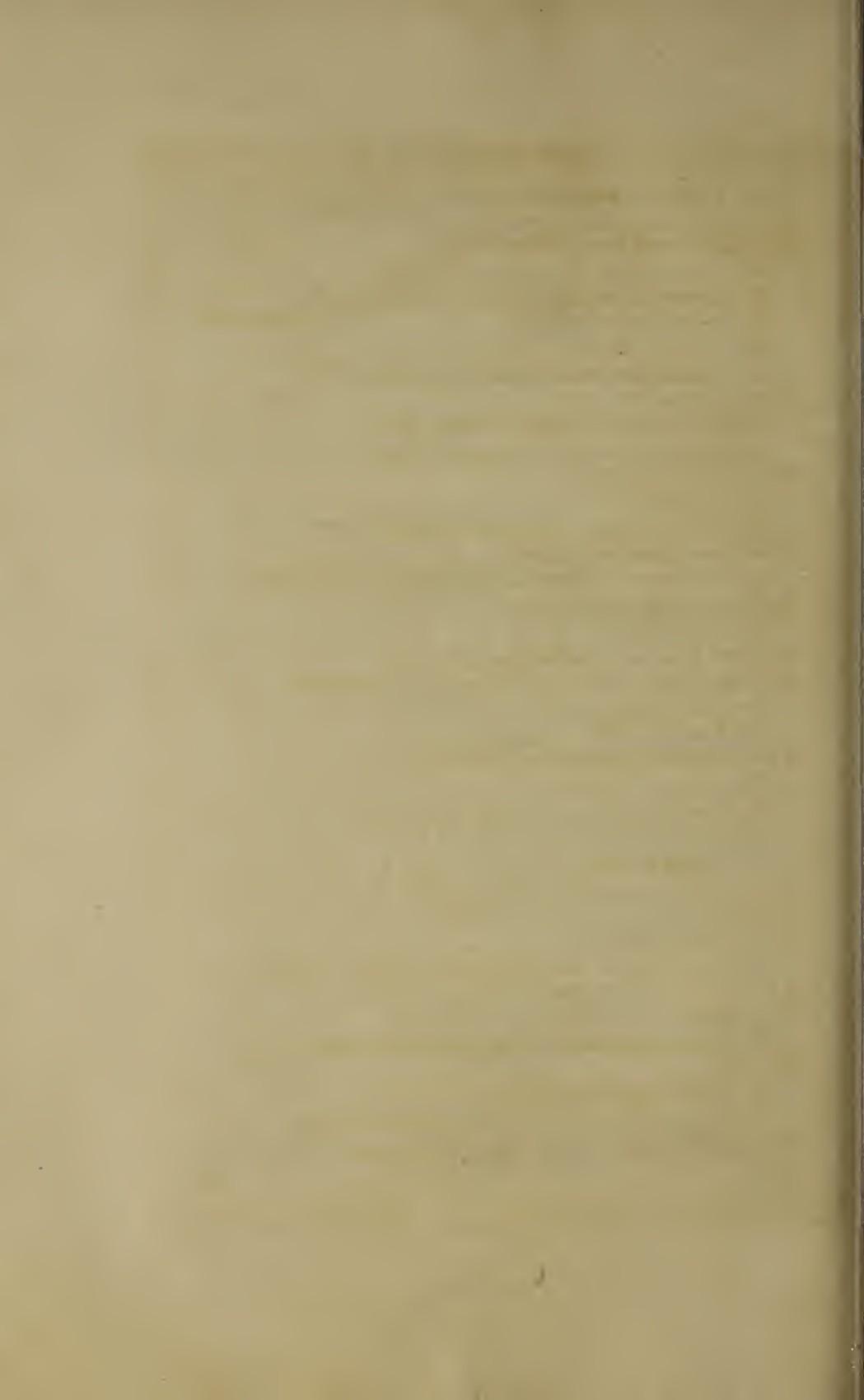
Lo. Are they come?

Pa. This halfe hourē my Lord.

*Lo. I must ſee the Mare, you will excuse this rudeneſſe,
Sirra stay you and waite upon theſe Ladies.*

Exeunt.

Ven.



Hide Parke.

Ven. Tis timē to make me ready,
Ladies I take this leave in prose,
You shall see me next in other feete.

Ri. I wish your fillabub were nectar Lady.

Bo. We thanke you sir, and here it comes already. *Enter Milkemaide.*

In. So so, is it good milke ?

Bo. Of a Red Cow.

Ca. You talke as you inclin'd to a consumption,
Is the wine good ?

Milk. It comes from his excellencē head !

Ca. My service to you Lady, and to him
Your thoughts préferre.

Bo. A health !

Ca. No deepe one? tis lawfull for gentlewomen
To wish well to their friends.

In. You have oblig'd me—the wishes of all happiness
To him you heart hath chosen.

Bo. Duty now

Requires I should be willing to receive it
As many joyes to you both, when you are marryēd.

Ca. Marryed?

In. You have not vow'd to dye a virgin,
I know an humble servant of yours Lady?

Ca. Mine !

In. Would be sorry you should be a Nunne.

Ca. Dee thinke he loves me then ?

In. I doe not thinke

He can dissemble where he does professē

Affection : I know his heart by mine;

Fairefield is my brother !

Ca. Your Brother? then the danger's not so great, but
Let us change our argument: with your pardon,
Come hither pretty one; how old are you?

Pa. I am young Lady, I hope you doe not take me for a
Dwarfe.

Bo. How yong I pray then ?

Pa. Foure summers since my life was question'd,
And then a Iewry of yeares did passe upon me.

Hide Parke.

Ca. He is upon the matter then, fifteene.

Pa. A game at Noddy.

Ca. You can play your Cards already it seeme, come drinke
A this fillabub !

Pa. I shall spoyle your game Ladies, for if there be sack
In't it may make you flush a three.

Iu. The boy would seeme witty.

Pa. I hope Ladies you will pardon me, my Lord
Commanded me to waite upon you, and
I can doe you no better service, than
To make you laugh.

Enter Fairefield and Tryer.

Fa. They'r here, blesse you!

Bo. Master Fairefield you are welcome.

Fa. I presume so, but howsoever it skils not.

Tr. I doe not come to borrow money.

Ca. And yet all they that doe so are no fooles,
Money or Lands make not a man the wiser,
I know hansome gentlemen ha paun'd
Their cloathes.

Tr. Ile paune my skinnie too with a woman.

Ca. Wipe your mouth, here's to you sir !

Tr. Ile pledge ye quicksilver, where's your Lord ?

Pa. He has left Virgo sir, to goe to Libra,
To see the horsemen weighed.

Tr. Lady my service !

Iu. Brother, you interpose too farre, my Lord
Has us'd me honourably, and I must tell you
Some body has made a fault.

Bo. Master Fairefield !

Fa. I kisse your hand.

Tr. My Lord and you havē walk'd.

Iu. Yes sir.

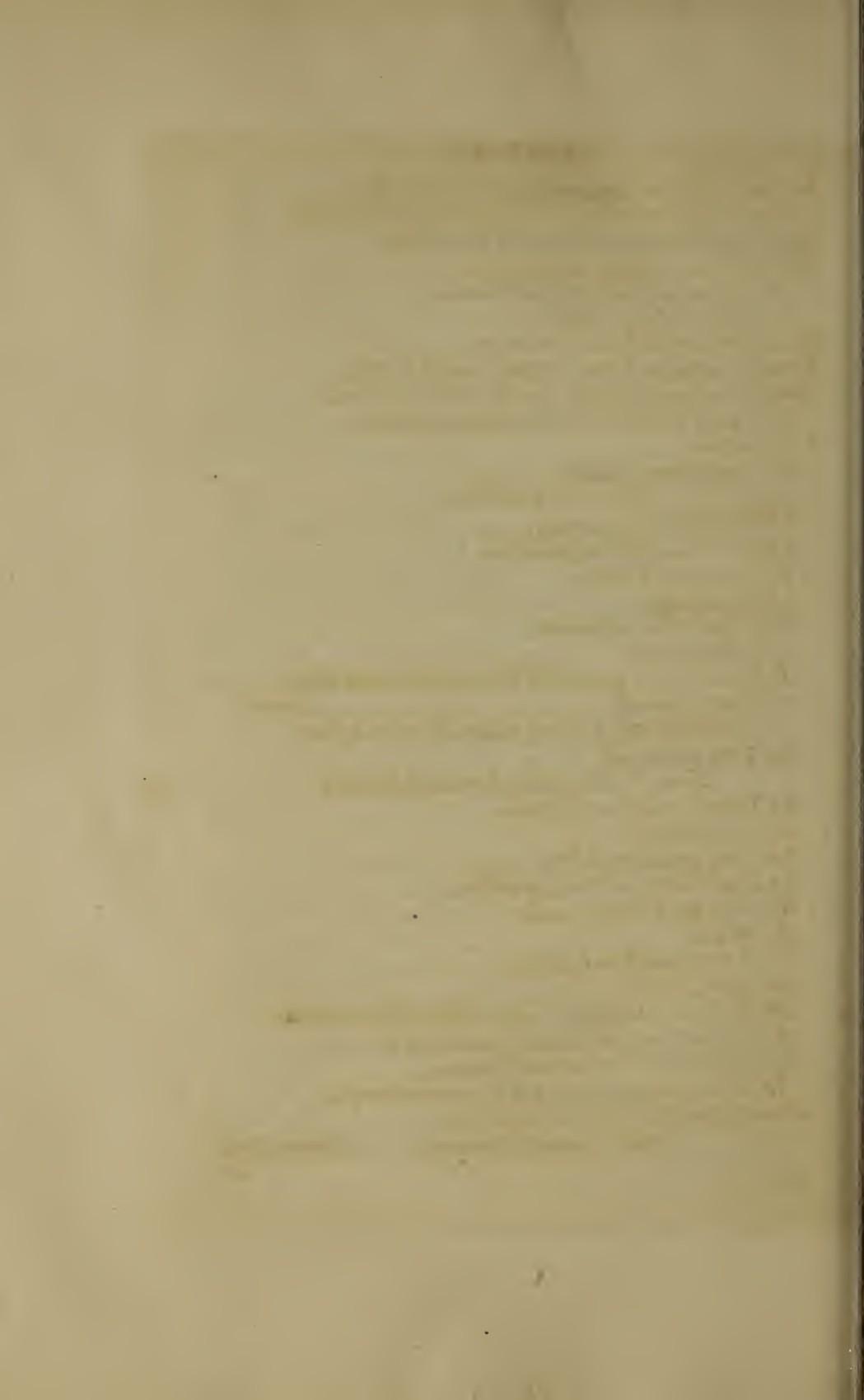
Fa. My sister shall excuse, here's to thee and thy creame boule.

Mil. I thanke your worship.

Fa. There is more honesty in thy petticoatē
Than twenty fatten ones.

Bo. Doe you know that ?

Fa.



Hide Parke.

Fa. I know by her pale, and shē were otherwife
T'would turne her milke, come hither let me kisse thee,
Now I am confirm'd, he that shall marry thee
Shall take thee a Virgin at my perill.

Bo. Ha you such skill in Maidenheads.

Fa Ile know't by a kisse,
Better then any Doctor by her urine,
Be merry with thy Cow, farewell ! comē Franke,
That wit and good cloathes should infect a woman.

Iu. Ile tell you more hereafter, pray lets heare
Who winnes.

Tr. Your servant Ladies.

Enter Lockey and Gent.

1 What doft thinke Lockey.

2 The crack oth field against you.

Io. Let em crack Nuts.

1 What weight.

2 I thinke he has the heeles.

3 Get but the start.

Io. How ever if I get within his quarters let mē alone.

3 Mounts Chevall.

Confused noyse of betting within, after that a shout.

Ca. They are started.

Enter Bonvile, Rider, Bona. Try. Fairef.

Ri. Twenty pounds to fifteene.

Lo. Tis done we'e.

Fa. Forty pounds to thirty.

Lo. Done, done, Ile take all oddes.

Tr. My Lord I hold as much.

Lo. Not so.

Tr. Forty pounds to twenty.

Lo. Done, done.

M. B. You ha lost all my Lord, and it wēre a Million.

Lo. In your imagination, who can helpe it ?

La. Venture had the start and keepes it.

Lo. Gentlemen you have a fine time to triumph,
Tis not your oddes that makes you win.

Within, venture ! venture !

Exeunt. Men.

In

Hide Parke.

Iu. Shall we venture nothing oth' horses,
What oddes against my Lord?

Ca. Silke stockings.

Iu. To a paire of perfum'd gloves I take it.

Ca. Done!

Bo. And I as much.

Iu. Done with you both i

Ca. Ile have em Spanish sent.

Iu. The stockings shalbe Scarlet, if you choose
Your sent, Ile choose my colour.

Ca. Tis done, if *Venture*

Knew but my lay it would halfe breakē his necke now,
And crying a *Lockey* hay. a shoute within.

Iu. Is the wind in that coast, harke the noyse.

Is *Lockey* now?

Ca. Tis but a paire of gloves.

Within a Lockey. *Iu.* Still it holds.

Enter my Lord.

How ha you sped my Lord?

Lo. Won, won, I knew by instinct,

The mare would put some tricke upon him.

Bo. Then we ha lost, but good my Lord the circumstance.

Lo. Great John at all adventure and grave *Lockey*

Mounted their severall Mares, I shan'ot tell

The story out for laughing, ha, ha, ha,

But this in briefe *Lockey* was left behind,

The pitty and the scorne of all the oddes,

Plaid bout my eares like Cannon, but lessle dangerous.

I tooke all still, the acclamations was

For *Venture*, whose disdainfull Mare threw durr

In my old *Lockey*'s face, all hopes for forsaking us,

Two hundred peeces desperate, and two thousand

Oathes sent after them; upon the suddaine,

When we expefted no such trickē, we saw

My rider that was domineering ripe,

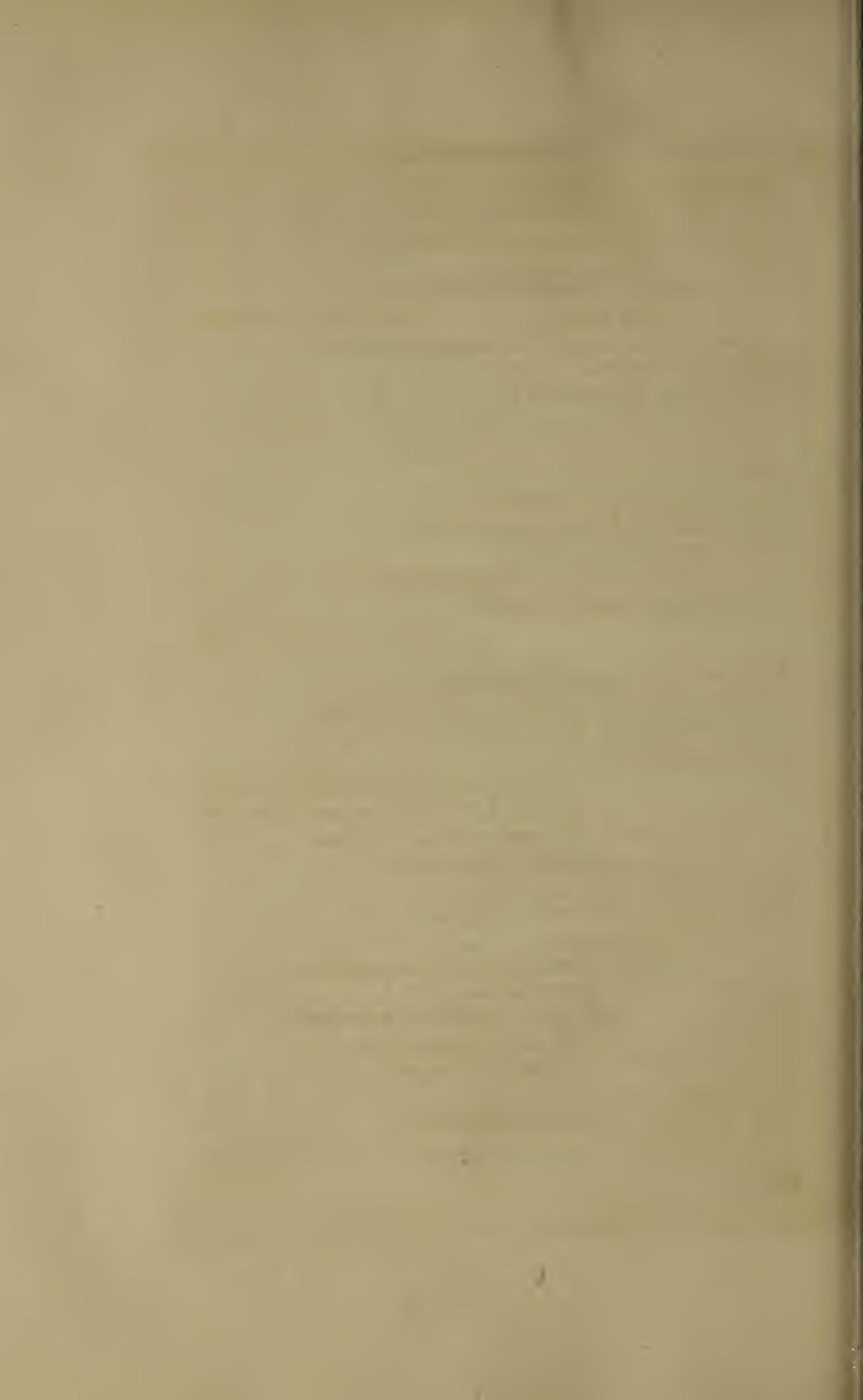
Vault ore his Mare into a tender flough,

Where he was much beholding to one shoulder,

For saving of his necke, his beast recovered,

And he by this time somewhat mortified,

Besides



Hide Parke.

Besides mortified, hath left the triumph
To his Olympick Adversary, who shall
Ride hither in full pompe on his *Bucephalus*,
With his victorious bagpipe.

Ca. I would faine see how *Venture* looks.

Bo. Hee's here, ha, ha. *Enter Venture, and Rider.*

Ven. I told you as much before, you would not
Believe the Cuckoo.

Ca. Why, how now sir !

Ven. And I had broke my necke in a cleane way,
Twould nere ha griev'd me, Lady I am yours,
Thus *Cesar* fell.

Lo. Not in a slough deere *Iacke*.

Ven. You shall heare further from me.

Ri. Come to Knightsbridge.

Ven. That Cuckoo was a witch Ile take my death on't. *Ex.*

Lo. Here comes the Conquerer *in triumph.*

A Bagpipe playing, and Lockey,
Bonavent. Tryer, and Fairefeld.

Lo from the Conquest of *Ierusalem*

Returns *Vespasian*, &c. ha, ha, mer mercy *Lockey*.

Io. I told you if I came within his quarters,

Omnis. A *Lockey*, a *Lockey*.

*Exeunt all by Lacy, his Bride, Mistris
Caroll, Enter Bonavent. and the bagpiper.*

M.B. This shall be but your earnest, follow me

At pretty distance, and when I say draw,

Play me a galliard, by your favour sir,

Shall I speake a coole word with yee.

La. With all my heart.

M.B. You do owe me a dance if you remember,

And I will have it now, no dispute, draw I

That wonot serve your turne, come shake your heeles,

You heare a tune, I will not change my toole

For a cale of Rapiers, keepē off at your perils

I ha sworne.

Bo. For heavens sake some to part em.

La. Dost heare,

H

{ *M. Bo.*

Hide Parke.

M. Bo. And you may heare the bagpiping is not dumbe,
Will you to this geere, or doe you meane to try
How this will scouré you, come, come, Ile have it.

La. Hold, I will !

He dances, meane time comes in my Lord and Tryer.

M. Bo. So, now we are on even tearmes, and if
You like it not, Ile use my tother instrument.

La. Th'art a brave fellow, come your wayes.

Lo. Hold ! you shannot fight, ile understand
Your quarrell.

La. Good my Lord lets have one passe.

Bo. Your weapons shall runne through me,
And I must tell you sir, have beene injurious.

M. Bo. Good Lady why ? in doing my selferight.

Bo. In wronging me.

M. B. I am not sensible of that.

Bo. Could any shame be fastned upon him
Wherein I have no share.

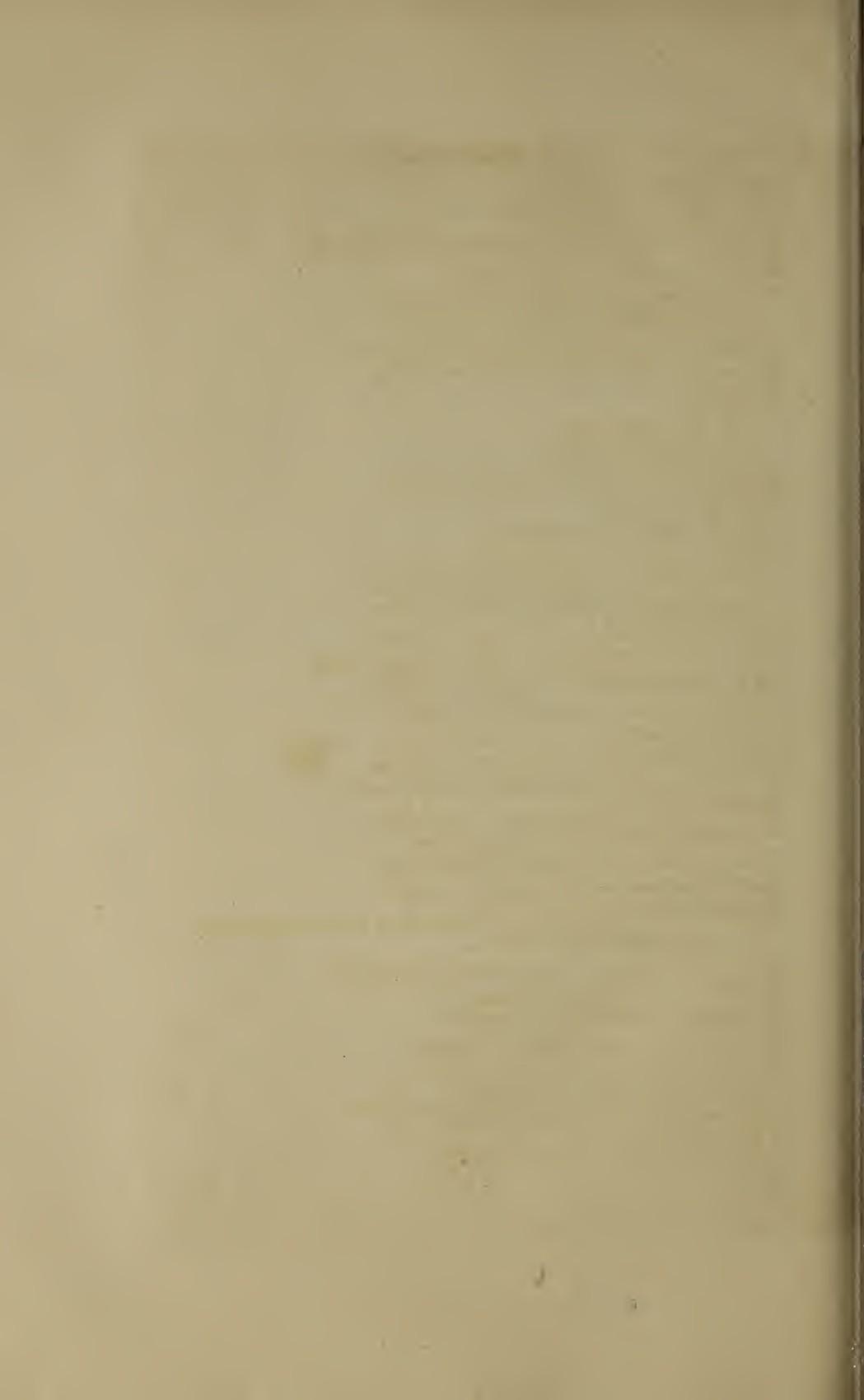
M. B. I was provokt
By him if you remember, and was not
Borne so unequall to him I should suffer
His poore affront.

Bo. This was a day of peace,
The day wherein the holy priest hath tyed
Our hearts together, Hymen's Tapers yet
Are burning, and it cannot be a sinne
Lesse than a sacrilege, to extinguish them
With blood, and in contempt of heavens proceeding
Thus to conspire our separation
No Christian would prophane the marriage day,
And when all other wish us joyes, could you
Intrude your selfe to poyson all our mirth,
Blast in the very bud all our happinesse
Our hopes had layd up for us.

M. B. I was a stranger,

Bo. That makes ye more uncivill, we were merry
Which could not offend you.

M. B. I had no thought



Hide Parke.

To violate your mirth.

Bo. What came you for?
With whom had ye acquaintance, or what favour
Gave you accessle, at so unfit a time
To interrupt our calme and free delights;
You cannot plead any abuse, where you
Were never knowne, that should incite you to
Revenge it there, I take it you were never
His Rival.

M. B. Tis confess!

Bo. What malice then
Prevail'd above your reason to pursue us
With this injustice?

M. B. Lady, give me leave!
I were a villaine to be guilty of
The basenesse you accuse me? your servant
Shall quit me from intrusion, and my soule
Is my best witnessse, that I brought no malice
But unstay'nd thoughts into your roofe, but when
I was made the common laughter, I had bin
Lesse than a man, to thinke of no retурne
And had he beene the onely of my blood,
I would not be so much the shame of soldier
To have beene tam'd and suffered, and you are
Too hasty in your judgement, I could say
More, but tis dishonour to expostulate
These causes with a woman, I had reason
To call him to account, you know not all
My provocation, things are not with me as with another man.

Bo. How is that? the matter
May spread too farre, some former quarrell, tis
My best to reconcile em, sir I may
Be ignorant if any thing have past
Before this morning, I pray pardon me
But as you are a gentleman, let me
Prevaile, your differences may here conclude;
'Las I am part of him now, and betweene
A Widdow and his wife, if I be thus

Hide Parke.

Divorc'd —

M. B. Ile be his servant.

Bo. Sir you shew

A noble disposition, good my Lord
Compose their differences, prethee meeete his friendship.

M. B. I have satisfaction; and desire his love.

La. Th'ast done but like a gentleman, thy hand
Ile love thee while I live.

Lo. Why so all friends.

M.B. I meeete it with a heart, and for disturbing
Your mirth to day.

La. No, no disturbance.

M.B. Then give me but the favour
To shew I wish no sorrow to the bride,
I have a small oblation, which she must
Accept, or I shall doubt we are not friends,
Tis all I have to offer at your Wedding.

Bo. Ha.

M. B. There's my hand to justifie it at fit time,
Peruse it, my Lord I shall be studious
How to deserve your favour.

Lo. I am yours.

La. My Lord let me obtaine, youle honour me
To night.

I was taken by a *Turkis* Pirate, and detain'd many yeares
A prisoner in an Island, where I had dyed his Captive,
Had not a worthy Merchant thence redeemed & furnished me,
Blessed delivery.

Ca. To me? from *Venture* he is very mindfull, good,
I shall make use of this.

Bo. Till then conceale me.

Ca. Excellent stiffe, but I must have another
Name subscrib'd.

Lo. Will you walke Ladies.

Ca. Your servants waite upon you

Ke. We humbly thanke your honour.

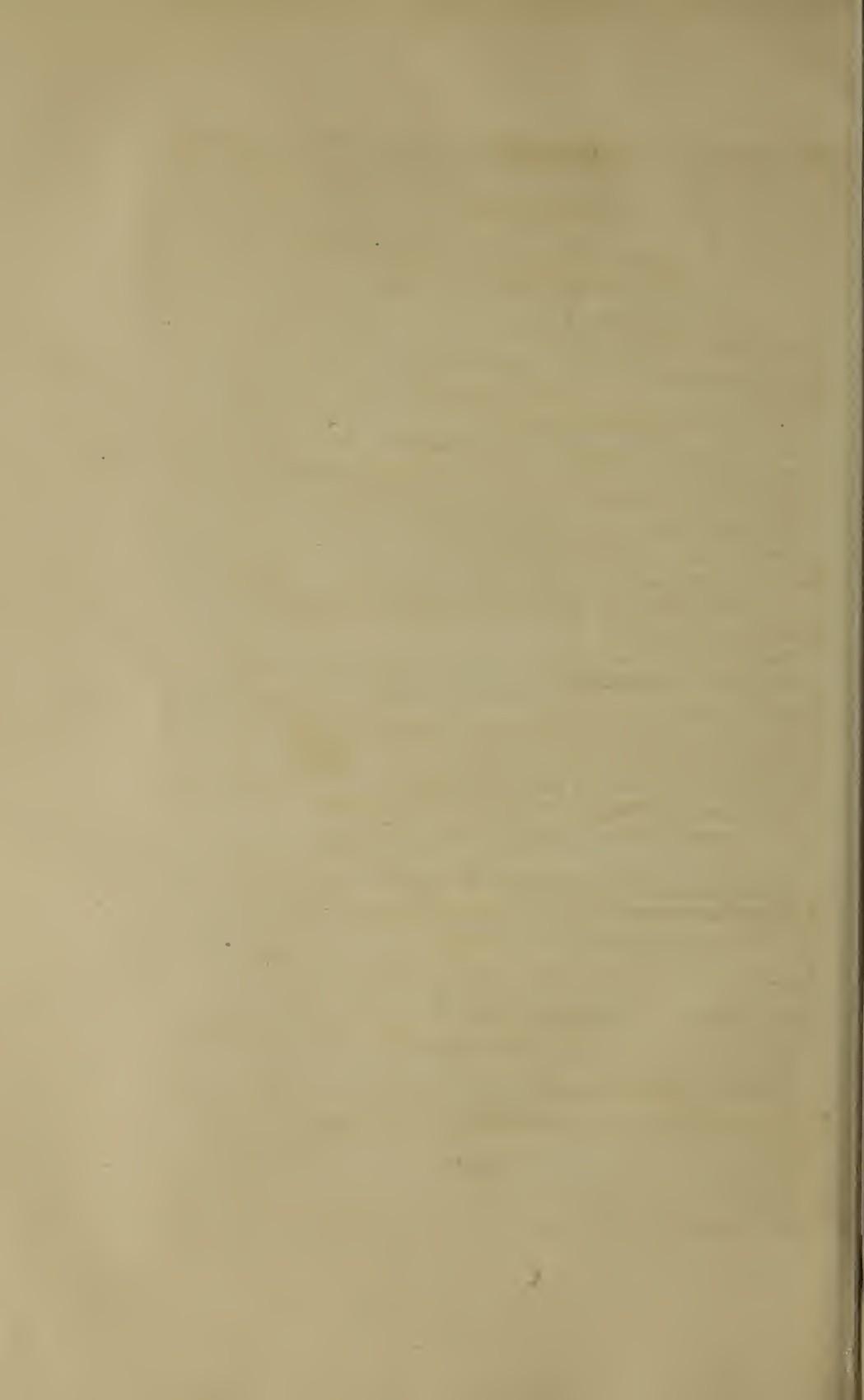
2. A brave sparke.

1. Sparke, he's the very Bonfire of Nobility.

Mrs. Bon. Reades.

Enter one with another Letter.

*Exeunt.
The*



Hide Parke.

The fift Act.

*Enter Lacy, Mistresse Bonavent, Bonvile, Mistresse
Fairfield, Mistresse Caroll, Tryer.*

La. My Lord you honour us.

Bo. And what we want

In honourable entertainement, we beseech
Our duties may supply in your construction.

Lor. What needes this ceremonie.

La. Thou art welcome too Franke Tryer.

Tr. I give you thankes, and wish you still more joy sir.

Bo. Weele shew your Lordship a poore Gallery.

La. But where's my new acquaintance?

Bo. His Nagge outstrip the Coaches,

Hee'le be your guest anon, feare not!

Exit.

Ca. While they complement with my Lord, let you and I
Change a few words.

In. As many as you please.

Ca. Then to the purpose

Touching your brother, Lady,

Twere tedious to repeate, he has beene pleas'd

To thinke well of me, and to trouble you

With the discourse how I have answered it

Twere vaine, but thus how ere he seeme to carry it

While you were present, I doe finde him desperate.

In. How!

Ca. Nay I speake no conjecture, I have more

Intelligence than you imagine, you are his sister,

And nature binds you to affect his safety,

By some convenient Messenger send for him;

But as you love his life doe not delay it;

Alas I shall be sorry, any gentleman

Should for my sake take any desparate course.

In. But are you serious?

Ca. Perhaps good counsell

Applied while his despaire is greene may cure him,

If not?

Hide Park

Iu. You make me wonder.

Ca. I know the inconsiderate will blame
Me for his death, I shall be rail'd upon
And have a thousand cruelties throwne on me,
But would you have me promise love and flatter him?
I would doe much to save his life, I could
Shew you a paper, that would make you bleed
To see his resolution, and what
Strange and unimitable wayes he has
Vow'd to pursue, I tremble to thinkē on em.
There's not a punishment in fiction
And Poets write enough of hell, if you
Have read their story, but heele try the worst,
Were it not that I feare him every minute,
And that all haste were requisite to save him,
You should peruse his letter.

Iu. Letter? since we saw him.

Ca. Since, I must confess, I wondred,
But you in this shall see I have no malice,
I pray send for him, as I am a gentlewoman
I have pure intention to preserve his life,
And cause I see the truth of his affliction,
Which may be yours or mine, or any bodies
Whose passions are neglected, I will try
My best skill to reduce him, here's M. Tryer!

Enter Tryer.

He now depends upon your charity,
Send for him by the love you beare a brother.

Tr. Will you not chide my want of Manners gentlewomen
To interrupt your dialogue,

Iu. We ha done sir.

Ca. I shall be still your servant.

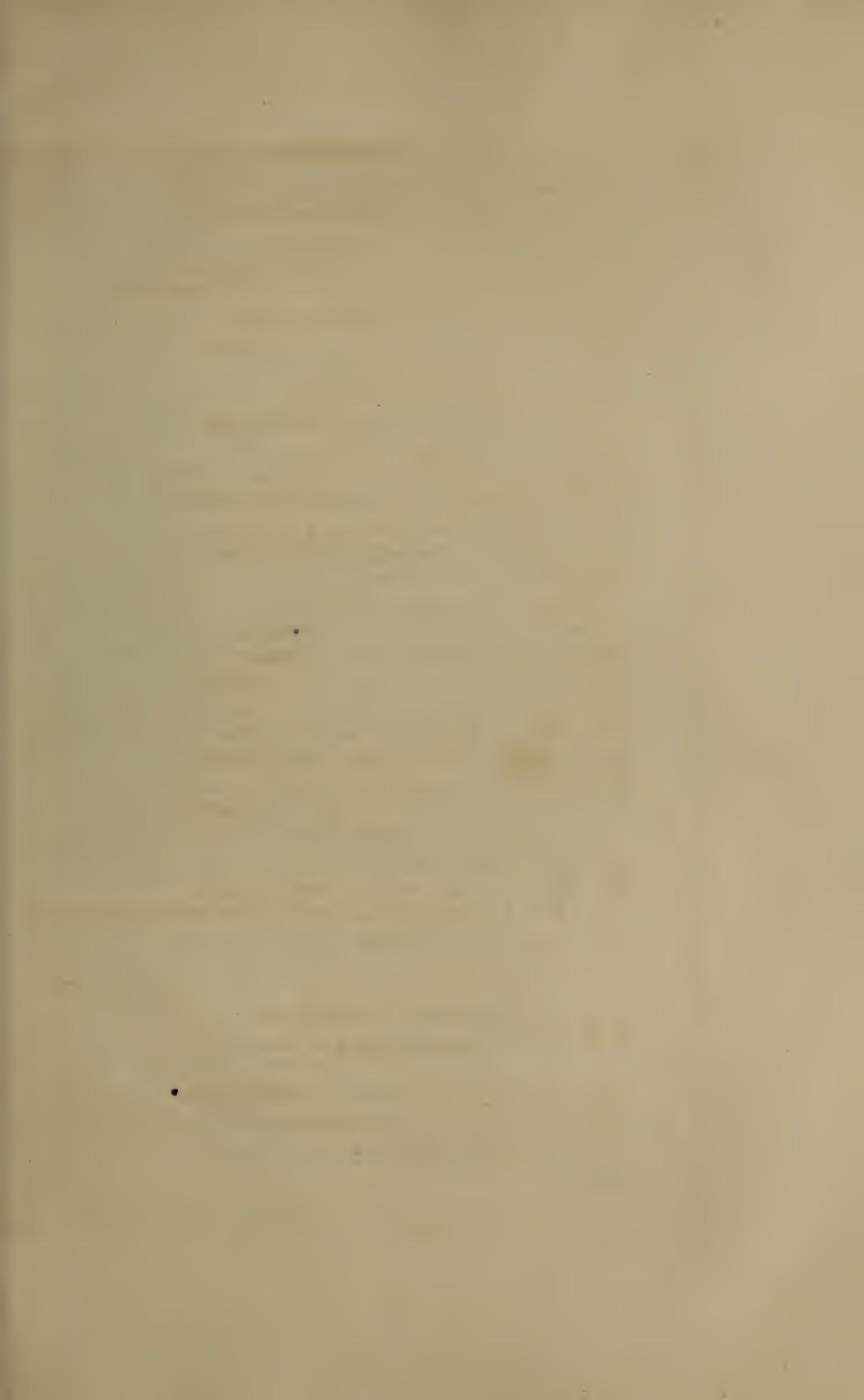
Iu. Here's a riddle; but I will doo't,
Shall I presume upon you for a favour.

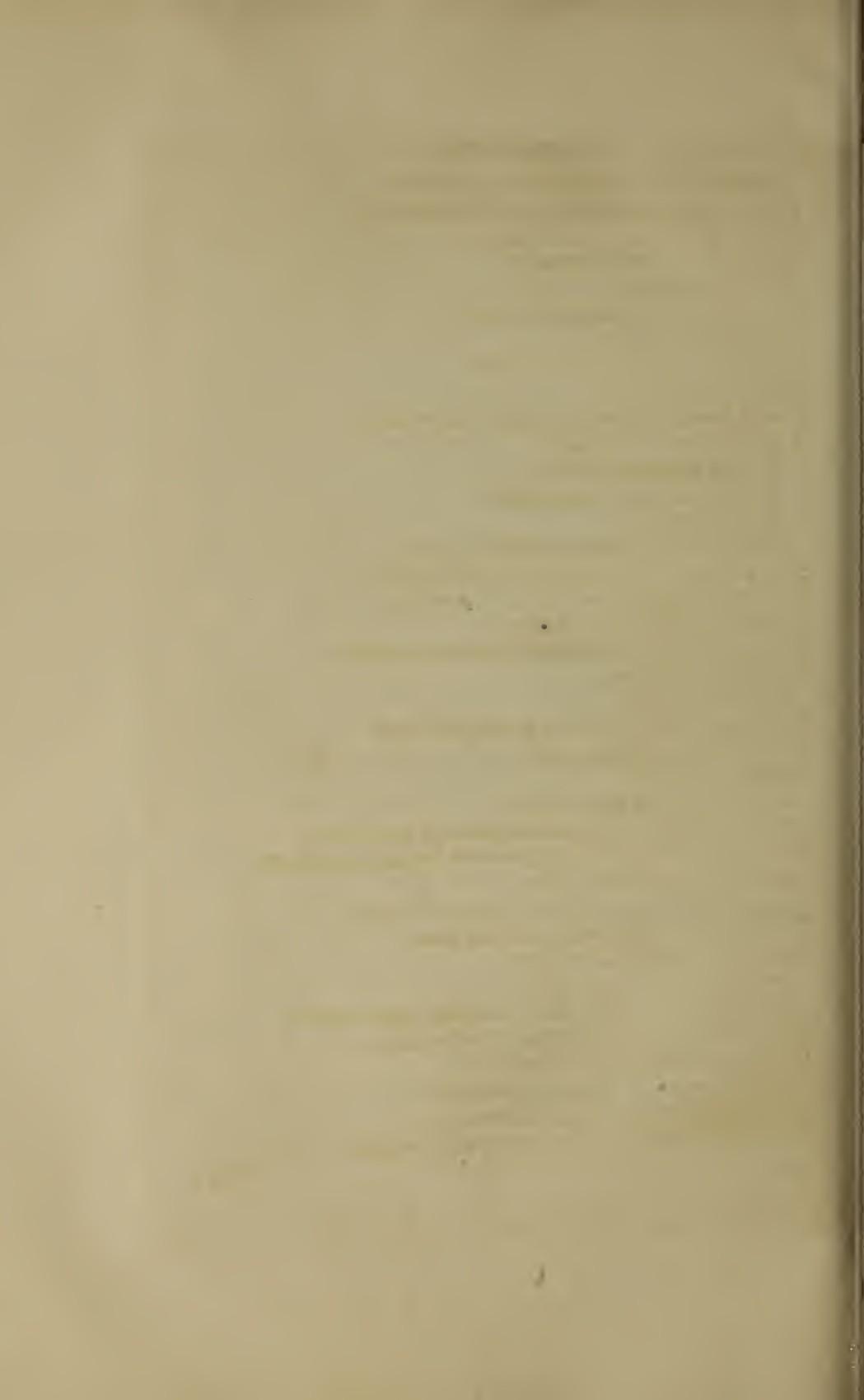
Enter Lord.

Tr. You shall impose on me a greater trouble
My Lord, your care.

Lo. We misse you above Lady.

Iu.





HIS ESTATE.

In. My Lord I waite upon you, I beseech
Your pardon but a minute — will you doe this,
It is an office he may thanke you for,
Beside my acknowledgement.

Tr. Yes Ile goe
And yet I doe not like to be sent oft,
This is the second time.

In. Now I am for your Lordship,
What's your pleasure.

Lo. I would be your Echo Lady, and returnē
Your last word — pleasure.

In. May you never want it.

Lo. This wonot serve my turne.

In. What my Lord?

Lo. This is the charity of some rich men,
That passing by some monument that stoopes
With age, whose ruines pleade for a repaire
Pitty the fall of such a goodly pile,
But will not spare from their superfluous wealth.
To be the benefactor.

Fa. I acknowlede
That empty wishes are their shame, that have
Ability to doe a Noble worke,
And flye the Action.

Lo. Come ! you may apply it,
I would not have you a gentlewoman of your word
Alone, they're deedes that crowne all, what you wish me
Is in your owne ability to give;
You understand me; will you at length consent
To multiply, weepe point a place and time,
And all the world shall envie us.

In. My Lord !

Lo. Lord me no lords, shall we enjoy lippes upon't,
Why doe you looke as you still wondred at me,
Doe I not make a reasonable motion,
Ist onely in my selfe, shannot you share
I'the delight, or doe I appeare a Monster
'Bove all mankind, you shunne my embrase thus.

There

Hide Parke.

There be some Ladies in the world ha drawne
Cuts for me, I ha beene talked on and commended,
How ere you please to valtie me.

In. Did they see you thus perfectly?

Lo. Not alwayes, twas

Sometimes a little darker when they prais'd me,
I have the same activitie.

In. You are *qid* *oyt*
Something, I would not name my Lord.

Lo. And yet you doe, you call me Lord, that's something
And you consider, all men are not borne to't.

In. T'were better not to have beene borne to honours,
Than forfeit em so poorely, he is truely
Noble, and best justifies his blood
When he can number the descents of vertue.

Lo. You le not degrade me.

In. Tis not in my power
Or will my Lord, and yet you preesse me strangely
As y'are a person, separate and distinct
By your high blood, above me and my fortunes
Thus low I bend, you have no noble title
Which I not bow to, they are Characters
Which we should read at distance, and there is
Not one that shall with more devotion
And honour of your birth, expresse her service,
It is my duty, where the king has seal'd
His favours, I should shew humility
My best obedience to his act.

Lo. So should *sin* *dr*
All han some women that will be good subjects.

In. But if to all those honourable names,
That mark'd you for the peoples reverence,
In such a vitious age, you dare rife up
Example too of goodnessse, they which teach
Their knees a Complement, will give their heart,
And I among the number of the humblest
Most proud to serve your Lordship, and would refuse
No office or command, that should engage me

Hide Parke.

To any noble tryall, this addition
Of vertue is above all shire of State,
And will draw more admirers ; but I must
Be bold to tell you sir, unlesse you prove
A friend to vertue were your honour centupled,
Could you pile titles till you reach the Clouds,
Were every petty Mannor you posesse
A Kingdome, and the bloud of many Princes
Vnited in your veynes, with these had you
A person that had more attraction
Then Poesie can furnish, love withall,
Yet I, I in such infinite distance am
As much above you in my innocence.

Lo. This becories not.

Iu. Tis the first libertie

I ever tooke to speake my selfe, I have
Bin bold in the comparison, but find not
Wherin I have wrong'd vertue, pleading for it.

Lo. How long will you continue thus ?

Iu. I wish

To have my last houre witnesse of these thoughts,
And I will hope before that time, to heare
Your Lordship of another minde.

Lo. I know not;

Tis time enough to thinke o'that hereafter,
Ile bee a converte within these two daies,
Vpon condition you and I may have
One bout to night, no body heares.

Iu. Alas you plunge too farre, and are within this minute,
Further from heaven then ever.

Lo. I may live.

To requite the curtesie.

Iu. Live my Lord to be
Your Countries honour and support, and thinke not
Of these poore dfeames.

Lo. I find not desire to sleepe, and I were a bed wee.

Iu. Tis not improbable my Lord but you
May live to be an old man, and fill up

Hide Parke.

A seate among the grave Nobility,
When your colde bloud shall starve your wanton thoughts,
And your slow pulse beate like your bodies knell,
When time hath snow'd upon your haire, oh then
Will it be any comfort to remember
The sinnes of your wild youth, how many wives,
Or virgins, y'ave dishonour'd? in their number,
Would any memory of me (should I
Be sinfull to consent) not fetch a teare,
From you perhaps a sigh to breake your heart,
Will you not wish then you had never mixt
With Atheists, and thole men whose wits are vented
In oathes and blasphemy, now the pride of Gentlemen,
That strike at heaven, and make againe of thunder.

Lo. If this be true ? what a wretched thing should I
Appeare now, if I were any thing but a Lord,
I do not like my selfe, give me thy hand
Since there is no remedy, be honest ! therēs no harme
I'this I hope, I wōnot tell thee all
My minde at once, If I doe turne Carthusian,
And renouncē flesh upon this, the devill is like
Toha the worst ont-- but I am expected.

Iz. My Lord ile follow yee.

Enter Fairefeild, and Tryer.

Brother welcome ?

Sir we are both obligd to you

A Friend of yours desirers some privare conference.

Fa. With me ?

In. He does not looke so desperate, how dee brother?

Fa. Well---dost not see me ?

Ile come to thee presently.

Exit. *Enter againe with Caroll.*

Fa. What's the meaning ?

Tr. Nay I know not, She is full of mysteries a late;
Shees here agen, there is somē tricke in't.

In. Brother I sent for you, and I thinkē twas time,

Pray harken to this gentlewoman, she will

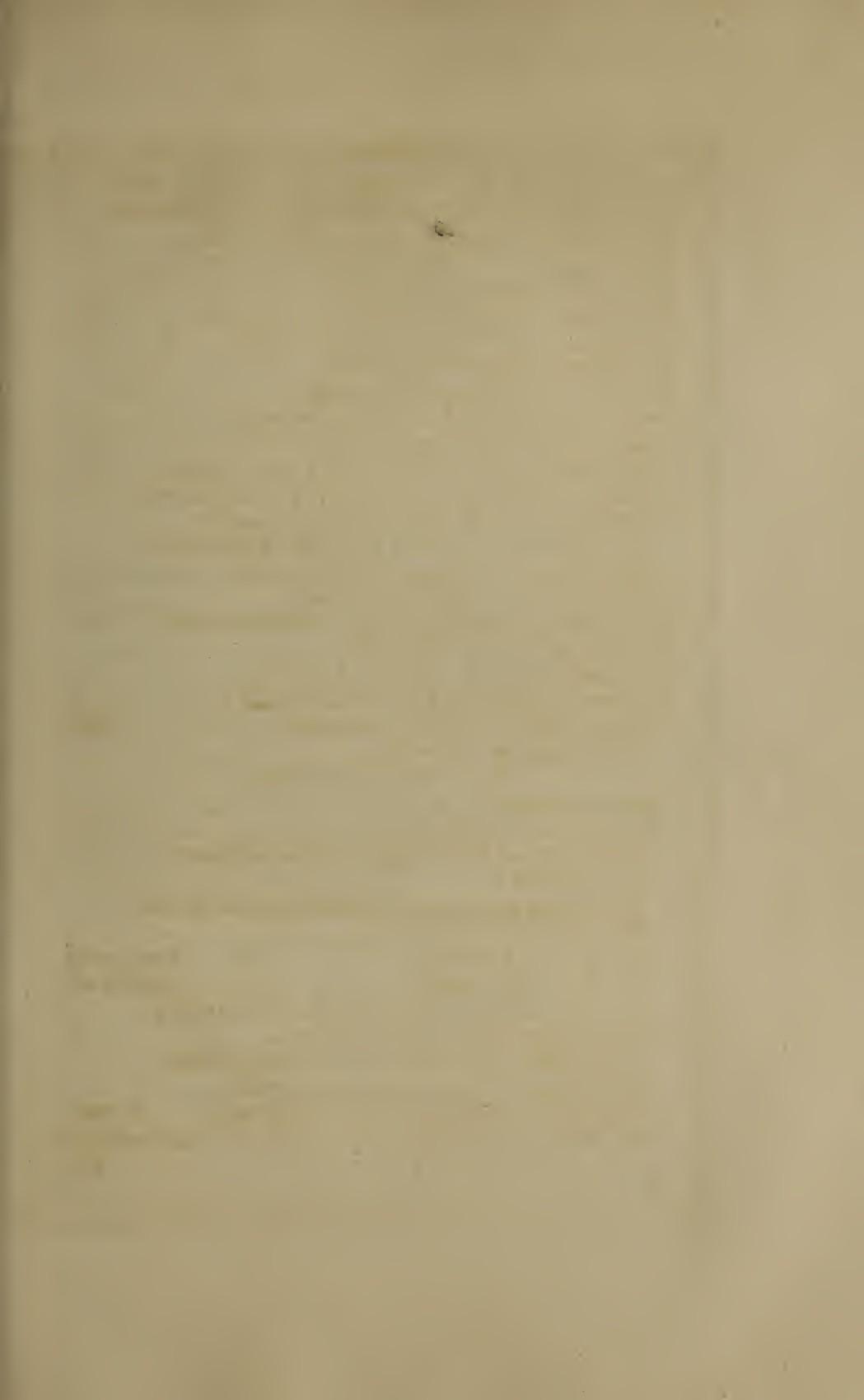
Give you good councell, you and I withdraw sir.

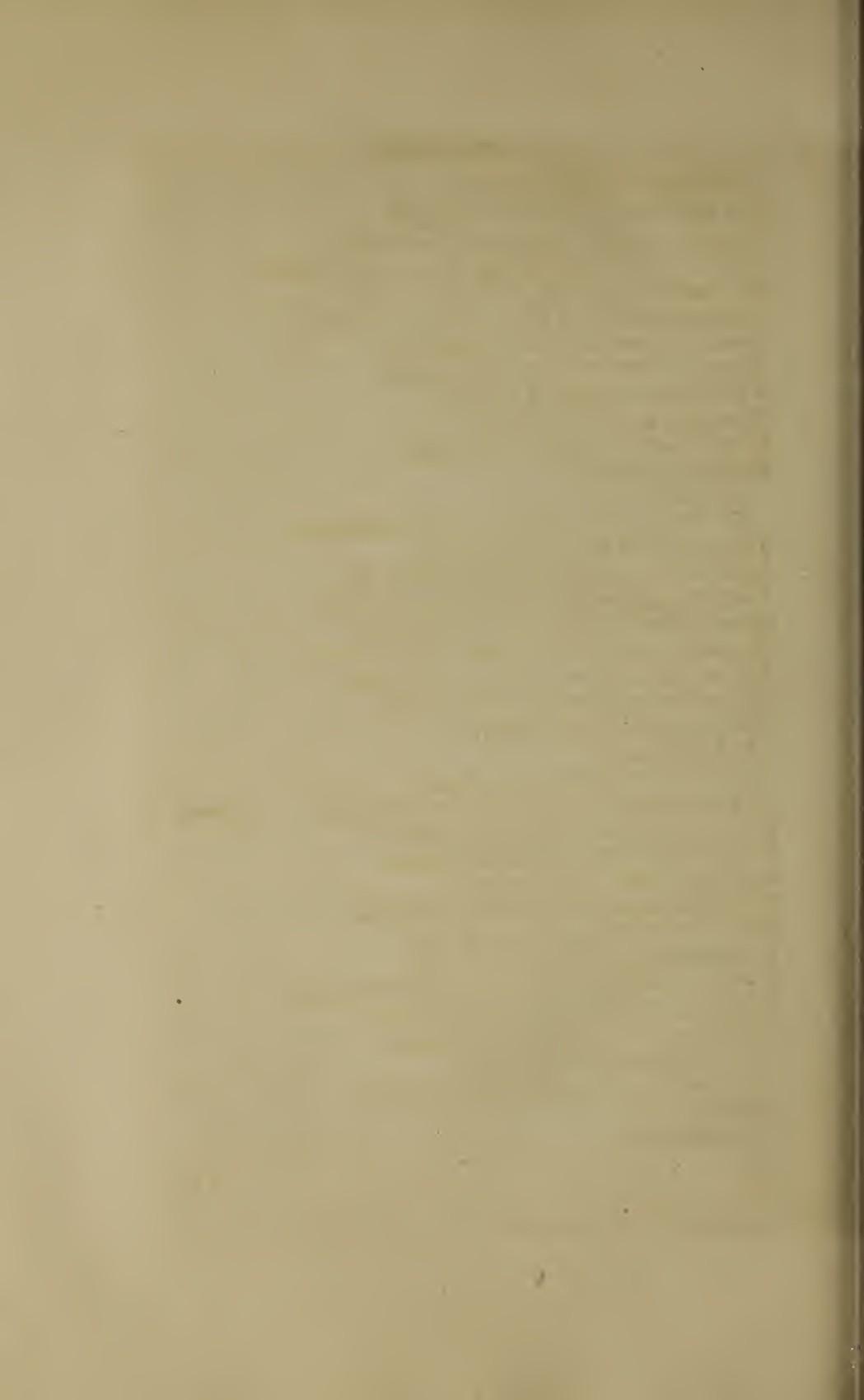
Exeunt.

Tr. Whither you please.

In., and *Try.*

Ca.





Hide Parke.

Ca. Y'are a strange gentleman,
Alas, what doe you meane? is it because
I have dealt justly with you, without flattery
Tould you my heart, youle take these wicked courses?
But I am loath to chide, yet I must tell you
Y'are too, too blame, alas you know affection
Is not to be compeld, I have bin as kinde
To you as other men, nay I still thought
A little better of you, and will you
Give such example to the rest,
Because forsooth, I doe not love you,
Will you be desperate?

Fa. I will be desperate!

Ca. 'Twere a fine credit for you, but perhappes
Youle go to hell to be reveng'd o me,
And teach the other gentlemen to follow yee,
That men may say 'twas long of me and raile at
My unkindnesse, is this all your Christianity?
Or could you not prosecute your impious purpose,
But you must send me word on't, and perplex
My conscience with your devilish devises
Is this a letter to be sent a Mistris?

Fa. I send a letter?

Ca. You were best deny your hand.

Fa. My names subscriv'd, who has done this? *Reader*
Rivers of hell I come, *Charon* thy Oare
Is needlesse, I will swim unto the shoare,
And beg of *Pluto*, and of *Proserpine*,
That all the damned torments may be mine,
With *Tantalus* Ile stand up to the chin
In waves, upon *Ixions* wheele Ile spin
The sisters thread, quaile *Cerberus* with my groane,
And take no Phisicke, for the rowling stone
Ile hang my selfe, a hundred times a day.

Ca. There be short daies in hell.

Fa. And burne my selfe as often if you say
The word.

Ca. Alas not I.

Hide Parke.

Fa. And if I ever chance to come
Within the Confines of *Elizium*,
The amazed Ghosts shall bee agast to see,
How I will hang my selfe on every tree,
Heres a strange resolution.

*Yours till his necke be
broke, Fairefeld.*

Ca. Is it not ?
Whither is fled your piety ! but sir
I have no meaning to exasperate
Thoughts that oppose your safety, and to shew
I have compassion, and delight in no
Mans ruine, I wil frame my selfe to love you.

Fa. Will you ? why thanke you !

Ca. Heres my hand I will ;
Be comforted, I have a stronger faith.

Fa. I see ther you haue charity for an need.

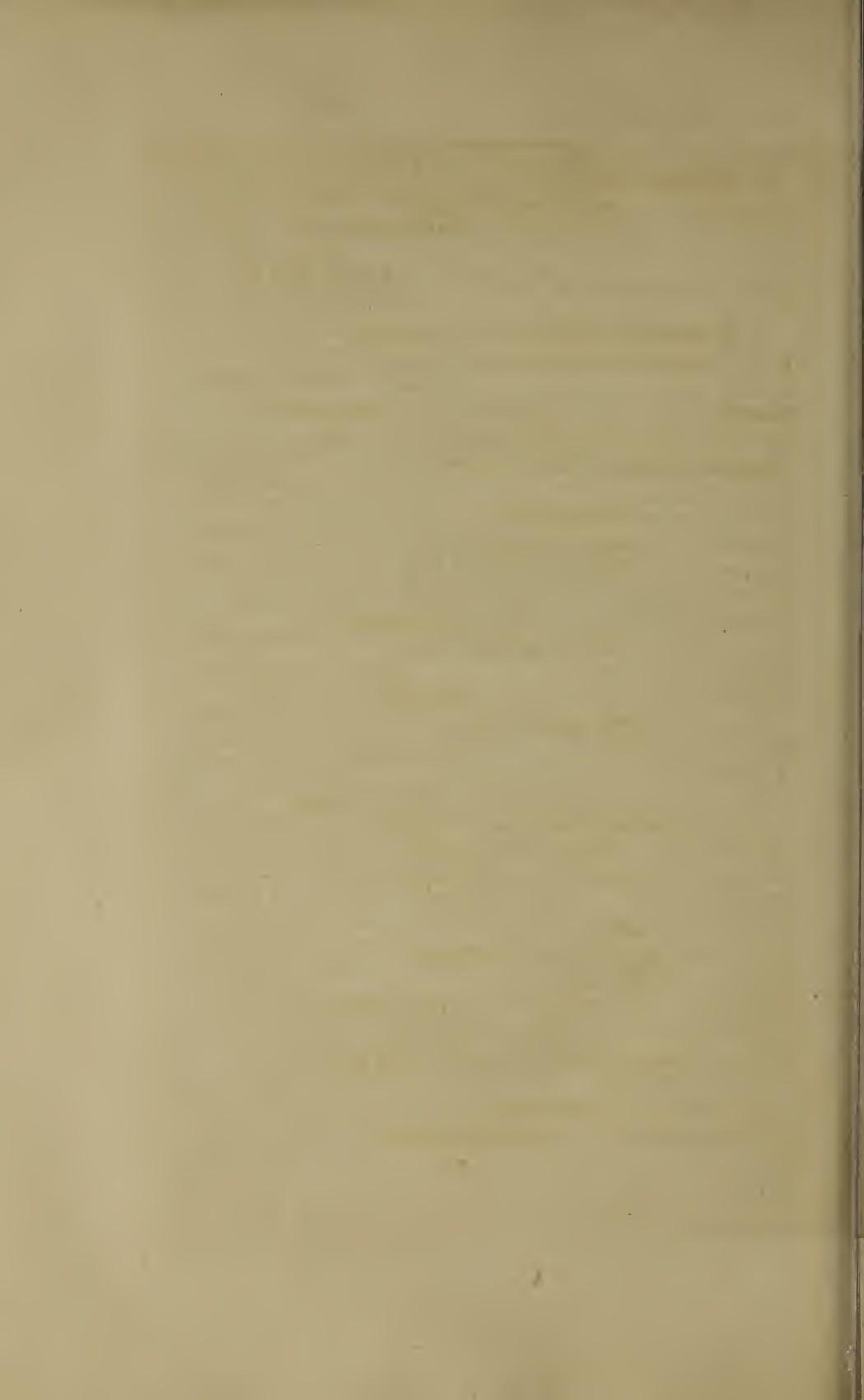
Ca. Ile lose my humour to preserve a life,
You might ha met with some hard hearted Mistresse,
That would a suffred you to hang or drown
Your selfe.

Fa. I might indeed.

Ca. And carried newes
To the distressed Ghosts, but I am mercifull,
But doe not you mistake me, for I do not
This out of any extraordinary
Former good will, only to save your life.
There be so many beames convenient,
And you may slip out of the world before
We are aware, beside you dwell to neere
The River, if you shoulde be melancholy
After some tides, you would come in, and be
More talkt off then the Pilchards, but I ha done :
You sha' not go to hell for me, I now
Am very serious, and if you please
To thinke well of me instantly weeble marry,
Ile see how I can love you afterward,
Shal's to the Priest ?

Fa. By your good favour, no
I am in no such tune.

Ca.



Ca. You doe suspect
I ieere still? by my troth I am in earnest.

Fa. To save my life you are content to marry me;
Yes.

Ca. To save thy life, I will not be troubled with thee!
How?

Fa. No Madam ieere all, I am now resolv'd,
Talke, and talke out thy heart, I wo't lose
My selfe a scruple, ha you no more letters,
They're pretty mirth, wou'd I knew who subscribd
My name. I am so farre from hanging of my selfe,
That I will live yet to be thy tormenter,
Vertue I thanke thee for't, and for the more
Security, Ile never dose againe;
Nor marry, nor endure the imaginacions
Of your fraile sex; this very night I will
Be fitted for you all, Ile geld my selfe,
'Tis something lesse then hanging, and when I
Have carv'd away all my concupiscence,
Observe but how Ile triumph, nay Ile doot,
And there were no more men in the world.

Ca. Sir, sir, as you love goodnes
Me tell you all, first heare me, and then execute,
You wonot be so foolish, I doe love you.

Fa. I hope so, that I may revenge thy peevishnes.

Ca. My heart is full, and modesty forbids
I should use many words, I see my folly,
You may be just, and use me with like cruelty,
But if you doe I can instruct my selfe,
And be as miserable indeed as I
Made you in supposition, my thoughts
Point upon no sensuality, remit
What's past, and I will meeete your best affection,
I know you love me still, do not refuse me.
If I goe once more backe, you'�e here recover me.

Fa. I am as ticklish.

Ca. Then lets clapt up wisely,
While we are both i'th humor, I do finde

A grudging, and your last words sticke in my stomacke;
Say ist a Match? speake quickeley, or for ever
Hereafter hold your peace.

Fa. Done!

Ca. Why done?

Fa. Seale and deliver.

Ca. My hand and heart, this shall suffice till morning.

Fa. Each others now by conquest, come lets to e'm

If you should falfe now.

Ca. Hold me not worth the hanging.

Exeunt.

Enter Mu Fairefield, Tryer, Bonvile.

Lo. I knew not, she was thy Mistresse, which encouraged
All my discourses.

Tr. My Lord y'ave richly satisfied me, and
Now I dare write my selfe, the happiest lover
In all the world, know Lady I ha tryed you.

In. You have it seemes.

Tr. And I have found theeē right
And perfect gold, nor will I change theeē for
A Crowne imperiall.

In. And I have tryed you,
And found you droffe, nor doe I love my hēart
So ill, to change it with you.

Tr. How's this?

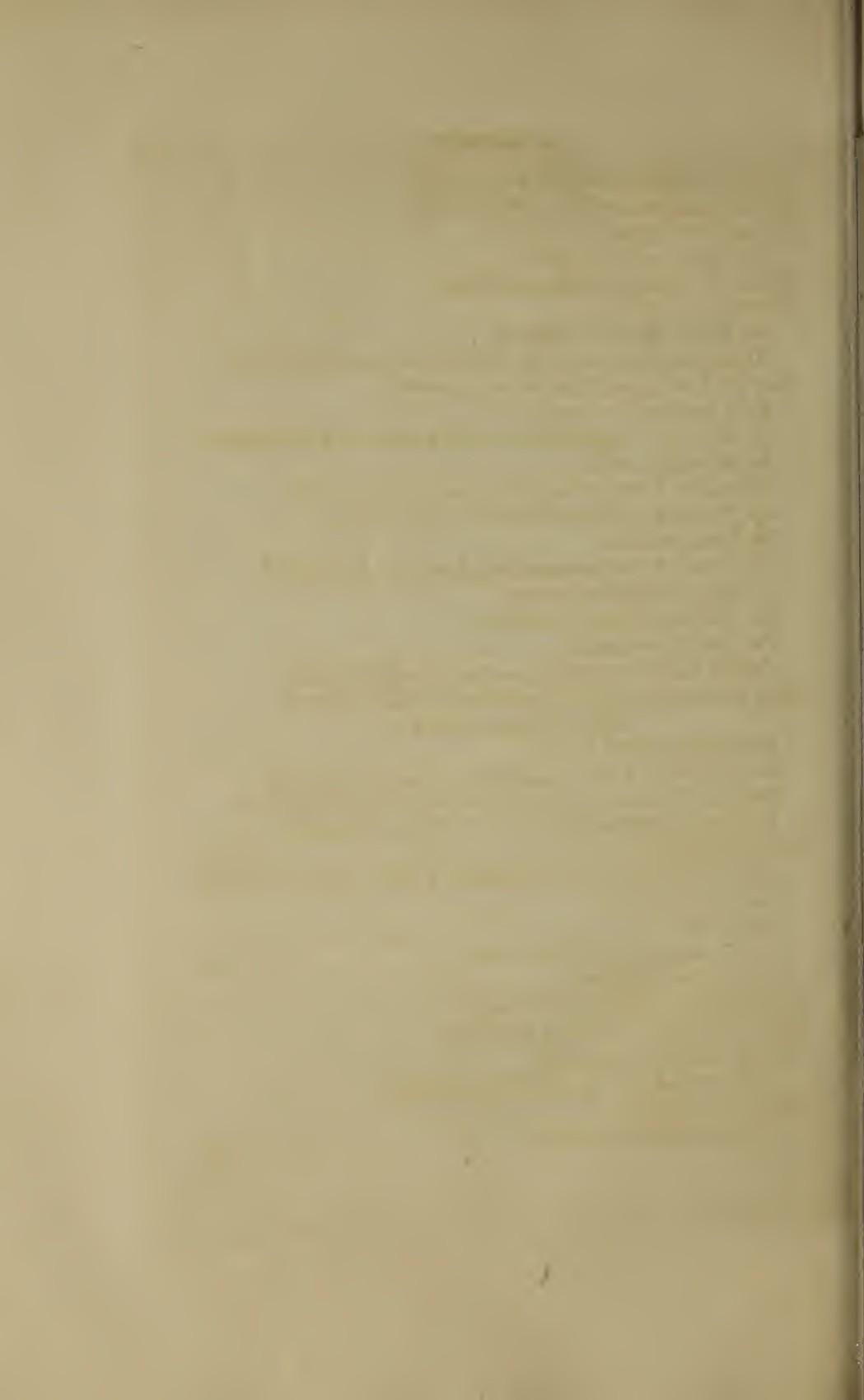
In. Unworthily, you havē suspected me,
And cherish'd that bad humor, for which know
You never must have hope to gaine my love,
He that shall doubt my vertue, out of fancy,
Merits my just suspition and disdaine.

Lo. Oh fie *Franke*, practise jealosie so soone,
Distrust the truth of her thou lov'st, suspect
Thy owne heart sooner, what I have sayd I have
my pardon for, thou wērt a wife for him
Whose thoughts were nere corrupted.

Tr. Twas but a tryall and may plead for pardon.

In. I pray dēnie me not that liberty,
I will have prooфе too, of the man I choose
My husband, beleeve me, if men be

At



Hide Parke.

At such a losse of goodnesse I will value
My selfe, and thinke no honour equall to
Remaine a Virgine.

Tr. I have made a trespass
Which if I cannot expiate, yet let me
Dwell in your Charity.

In. You shall not doubt that.

Enter Fairefield, Mistresse Caroll, Lacy, Mistresse Bon.
Pray my Lord know him for your servant.

Fa. I am much honour'd.

Lo. You cannot but deserve more by the title of her brother.

La. An other couple.

Bo. Master Fairefield and my Cosen are contracted.

Ca. Tis time I thinke, sister ile shortly call you.

Iu. I ever wisht it.

Fa. Franke Tryer is melancholy, how hast thou sped?

Tr. No no I am very merry.

Iu. Our banes sir are forbidden.

Fa. On what termes?

La. My Lord you meet but a course entertainement,

How chance the musicke speakes not, shall us dance?

Enter Venture and Rider.

Ven. Rivers of hell I come!

Ri. Charon thy Oare is needlessse, save yon gallants!

Ven. I will swimme unto thy shoare, art not thou Hero?

Ca. But you are not Leander if you be not drown'd,

In the Hellepont.

(day)

Ven. I told thee I would drown my selfe a hundred times a-

Ca. Your letter did.

Ven. A ha?

Ca. It was a devillish good one.

Ven. Then I am come

To tickle the confines of *Elizium*,

My Lord I invite you to my wedding,

And all this good companie.

Lo. I am glad your shoulder is recoverēd;

When is the day?

Ven. Do thou set the time.

Ca.

Hide Parkes.

Cx. After to morrow, name it, this gentleman
And I shall be marryed i' th' morning, and you know,
We must have a time to dine, and dance to bed.

Ven. Married?

Fa. Yes you may be a guest sir, and be welcome!

Ven. I am bob'd agen,

Ile bob for no more Eeles, let her take her course.

La. Oh for some Willow garlands.

Recorders.

Enter Page and Master Bon.

Lo. This is my boy, how now sirra?

Pa. My Lord I am employ'd in a devise,

Roeme for the melancholy wight,
Some doe call him willow Knight,
Who this paines bath undertaken,
To finde out lovers are forsaken,
Whose heads, because but little witted,

Shall with Garlands straight be fitted.

Speake who are lost on Cupids Billowes,
And receive the Crowne of willowes,
This way, that way, round about,
Keep your heads from breaking out.

La. This is excellent, nay nay Gentlemen

You must obey the Ceremony.

Ven. He tooke measure of my head.

Ri. And mine.

Tr. It must be thy fate too.

Ven. Now we beth.

Bo. And if you please to try, I doe not thinke
But this would fit you excellently.

La. Mine! What does he meane?

Bo. I prethee Master Lacy try for once,
Nay he, he has some conceit.

La. For thy sake Ile doe any thing, what now?

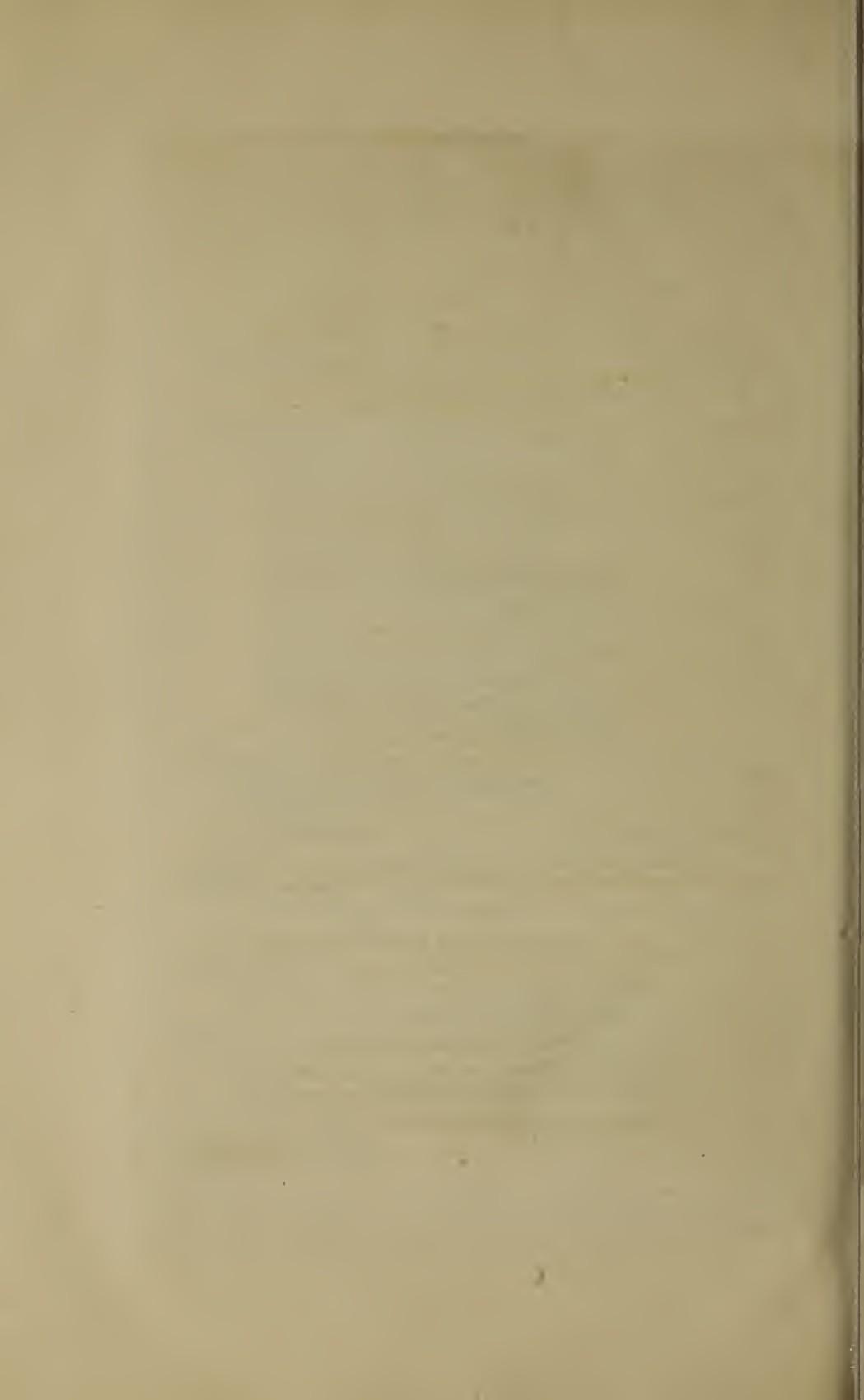
M. B. Y'are now a Messe of willow gentlemen,
And now my Lord Ile presume to bid you Welcome.

Fa. Is not this the gentleman made you dance?

La. My new acquaintance, where's thy beard?

M. B. I left it at the Barbers, it grew rancke,
And he has reap'd it.

La.



Arius & Hyrcan

La. Here take thy toy agen.
M. B. It shannot neede.

Lo. You tell me wonders Lady; is this gentleman
Your Husband?

La. Ca. How her husband my Lord?
M. B. Yes indeed Lady, if you please you may
Call me your kinsman, seaven yeare and mistorturē,
I confessē had much disguis'd me, but I was
And by degrees may proove agen her husband.

Bo. After a tedious absence, suppos'd death
Arriv'd to make me happy.

Ven. This is rare!
M. B. My Lord and Gentlemen,
Y'are no lesse welcome than before, M. *Lacy* droope not.

La. This turne was above all expectation
And full of wonder, I congratulate
Your mutuall happinesse.

Ven. All of a brotherhood.
La. M. *Bonavent*, a my Conscience tis he!—

Did fortune owe me this?

Ca. A thousand welcomes:
Bo. Equall joyes to thee, and Master *Fairefield*.

Lo. Nay then you but obey the ceremony.

La. I was not ripe for such a blessing, take her,
And with an honest heart I wish you joyes,
Welcome to life agen, I see a providence
In this, and I obey it.

Ven. In such good company twould never grieve
A man to weare the willow.

M. B. You have but chang'd
Your host, whose heart proclaines a generall welcome.

Bo. He was discovered to me in the Parke,
Though I conceal'd it.

M. B. Every circumstance
Of my absence, after supper weeble discourse of,
I will not doubt your Lordship meanes to honour us.

Lo. Ile be your guest, and drinke a joviall health
To your new marriage, and the joyes of your

Hide Marke

Expected Bride, herē after you may doē
As much for me, faire Lady will you write
Me in your thoughts, if I desire to be
A servant to your vertue, will you not
Frownē on me then?

In. Never in Noble waies;
No virgin shall more honour you?

To. By thy cure
I am now my selfe, yet dare call nothing mine,
Till I be perfect blest in being thine.

Excellent.

F J N J S.

before



